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[BY J. M. STRUDWICK.

GOLDEN STRINGS.

FORESTWYK.

BY E. BOYD BAYLY, AUTHOR OF "JONATHAN MERLE," "ZACHARY BROUGH'S VENTURE," "WORKADAY STORIES," ETC.



MOLLY SAT WAITING FOR HER FATHER.

CHAPTER XI.

MOLLY sat at her lattice window, clusters of yellow Banksia roses framing the casement and the bright face watching there. She was waiting for her father, and he was late, busy with Masterman and Laurence Ryan.

The afternoon post had brought a note from Mrs. Monthurst, the architect's wife, inviting her to a garden party. When Molly read it, she

felt as if the world was at her feet—the fine, delicate, beautiful world, from which the “dim, common multitude” are excluded: a world she was not born to; it opened to her on her merits!

Mrs. Monthurst was a leader there. Molly had attended classes with her daughters, and Joe had been asked to the house two or three times; but this invitation was Molly's first, into the exclusive circles of Forestwyk.

She was quite certain that there was no reason

against accepting it ; nevertheless, she would not take it to her mother until Gundry's return. He came at last. Molly threw him a spray of roses, powdering his broad shoulder with their tiny petals, and kissed her hand to him as he looked up. He kissed his in return, and walked on, happy ; little puss, she had learned already to make her love-tokens precious by their rarity. She heard him go into the morning-room, and ran down to put Mrs. Monthurst's note into her mother's hand. Gundry saw at once that some eager wish was at stake. How pretty she looked as she stood there, flushed, with parted lips !

"Well, what can you say?" said Mrs. Gundry. "You have no other engagement, I suppose?"

"Why should I want one?" said Molly, fiercely and with mounting colour, answering the tone rather than the words.

"You can't go, you know," said Mrs. Gundry in her calm way. "These people are not like us."

Molly's eyes flashed fire. "If I am good enough for Mrs. Arrowhead, I think I might be good enough for Mrs. Monthurst," she said proudly. She strove to be cool, but the tears were very near her eyes.

"What is it?" said Gundry, laying down his paper. Molly handed him the note, and saw the look of regret upon his face.

"No, you can't go," he said gravely, returning it. "I know Mr. Monthurst, but none of us know his wife. If she wants to show you kindness, she should have called on your mother first."

"Why should not I be as free to go my own way as Joe is? I am as much to be trusted," said Molly defiantly.

Gundry felt for her with all his heart, but he answered gently, "Would you wish to make friends of those who won't show your mother the same respect that Mrs. Arrowhead has? You didn't notice it, I dare say, but though Mr. Langdale has known you ever since you were that high"—levelling his hand—"she didn't think that was enough without her calling herself, after you had been out skylarking about with her boys, with no grown-up lady of the house to come and tell us all about it. I believe she stayed to the late train on purpose to do it."

Molly did not answer, and Gundry continued: "You can't go by what Joe does. A young man is not expected to ask anyone back, but I shouldn't like *you* to go anywhere where you couldn't ask the girls here ; and how could you do that if their mother won't pay a ten minutes' call on yours?"

"She may be coming," said Molly, commanding her voice with an effort.

"Then you will get another chance, depend on it. Isn't this for the Saturday you were going with Alcie to Mrs. Rohan's? That's reason enough for refusing."

Molly stood silent, all her pride engaged in keeping back her tears.

"I'm very sorry for you, my dear," said Gundry kindly, holding out his hand to her. She did not move to take it.

"Come here, Molly dear," said Gundry. His

voice had pain in it, and she went and stood beside him.

"This is what your mother and I looked forward to, when you were little," he said, taking her reluctant hand. "We had to decide, then, whether to give you—all of you—whatever advantages we could afford, or to keep you more like ourselves ; and we made up our minds to give you all we could, and take the risk of your growing past us, and having to feel it. I have worked hard, and so has she, and grudged every penny she spent upon herself, that you might have the best education we could get for you, and the means to enjoy it afterwards. But that's all we could do, Molly. We couldn't put ourselves to school. You must put up with that."

He felt a quick pressure from the little hand in his, and drew her close to him, with his arm round her.

"I'm not blaming you, my dear, no more than ourselves," he said. "You *must* feel it—nearly as much as I feel it for you. We've brought you up beyond us, and there'll be many a time when we shall want to help you and not be able. But I'm sure you will see that it's due to yourself not to accept favours from anyone who would put a slight upon your mother or me."

"Yes, father," said Molly.

"I knew you would see it," he said, pressing her closer. "And take my word, you will never lose a friend worth having by honouring your father and mother ; though we mayn't be all that we would like to be, for your sake."

If Molly had been fractious, she was punished—heavily. She bent down to give him a kiss with all her soul in it, and escaped from the room. His eyes followed her wistfully. He did not think that she had a real sacrifice to make ; there were better things than fashionable tennis-parties to fill up her young life ; but she would not see it in that light at once.

He turned to his wife. She laid down her work, and said with serene emphasis, "I thought trouble would come of it when you were so bent on sending her to that High School."

If she had said it sadly, or even angrily, he would have minded less ; but the satisfied tone grated harshly, when his heart was so full for Molly's sake.

"Why should the High School be worse than Miss Bradbury's?" he asked rather sharply. "She would meet girls above her there, just as much."

"But not such reckless people," said Mrs. Gundry.

"Oh, Emma, Emma !" said Gundry, getting up. The word struck him so comically, applied to the awful respectability of the Monthurst family. The old tender excuse rose to mind—it was not her fault that she did not see things as he did ; she could not help it.

"She will soon wish her parents gone," said Mrs. Gundry with some bitterness.

"No, no," answered Gundry ; but it was easy for *him* to say it, with Molly's kiss upon his lips : he remembered that.

"Well, we always wanted to do the best for the

children," he said gently. "The Almighty knows that. If we've done wrong any way, I hope He'll forgive us, and not let it fall on them."

He went to his little den and drew out his papers, but he looked at the figures without seeing them. He was thinking of his girl, with her many gifts,

"Upon whose pathway shone
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one."

Her mother would never guide her; and how little her father could do! He had hoped great things from Chris, but even his partial love was obliged to own disappointment there. More and more his mind turned to Langdale as the children's best hope—Langdale and Alcie. If only his wife would see it! She would trust in Mr. Langdale, but not in his daughter. Gundry loved her enough to feel a little tender triumph at her having a sensitive spot for jealous love of him; but when she allowed that feeling to blind her to the children's best interests, at a most critical time in their young lives, he felt sorrowfully that she was forsaking her own mercies as well as theirs.

Molly came down to tea without a shadow on her face. Gundry hoped that some day she would know how he loved her for that. Her mother felt it too, and spoke to her in softened tones.

Next morning Mr. Arrowhead was at Langdale's side in church. Gundry walked down to call on him in the afternoon, and found him alone in the garden. Alcie was at the Sunday-school, and Langdale had gone to pay his usual Sunday afternoon calls on Miss Winscom's aged mother, and other feeble folk. Mr. Arrowhead mentioned that he was trying to persuade the father and daughter to come up to town for Whitsuntide. "And if they do," he said, "my wife wants to know if you and Mrs. Gundry will let that little girl of yours come with them. Would you? We have all quite set our hearts upon it."

Here was dramatic justice for Molly! Gundry's countenance lit up, then fell. "It's very kind of you and Mrs. Arrowhead, sir," he answered doubtfully. "I'm sure I don't know how to thank you."

"What is it?" asked the keen-eyed lawyer. "You are not afraid of my boys? They are in a desperate condition, certainly, but it's all calf-love—very harmless."

"Oh yes," said Gundry, laughing; but Mr. Arrowhead saw that he was not quite satisfied, and added gravely:

"And if anything more *should* come of it, one of these fine days—though we don't anticipate that—I hope sincerely that there might be no cause for objection on your part. On ours—our asking her speaks for itself."

"Your sons ought to look higher," said Gundry.

"My sons must please themselves," said Mr. Arrowhead. "Surely you couldn't think that we would encourage intimacy in any way, if we meant to refuse possible consequences?"

"No, sir," said Gundry honestly, "but I thought you might be thinking it couldn't be anything but boy and girl; and I feel it *very* kind of you to have

spoken straight out, for I couldn't help thinking it was quite enough to let my girl accept a kindness that we have no means of returning, as you know; and I wouldn't have anything follow that might vex you, not for anything! It would be an immense treat for her to go, and do her a lot of good; and it *is* all boy and girl now, and she's a hard hearted little puss, too; but you can never answer for when young folks may come to their feelings."

"I have to think of that," said Mr. Arrowhead, drawn into sudden confidence by their mutual anxious fatherliness, "and I assure you the kindness will be on your side if you let her come. It is always difficult for boys who have no sisters to see as much as they ought of different girls, before they choose; and the one our boys are getting to know best (and there is no help for it, under the circumstances) is not the choice we could desire for any son of ours. If anything came there, we should have to give in to it, or spoil two lives: she will never be loved lightly, nor love lightly back. Such a girl! But she has a cruel inheritance."

The flash in his hearer's eyes astonished him. "It's an inheritance easy enough to keep clear of," said Gundry curtly.

"I should be afraid of its cropping out in some form or other," said Mr. Arrowhead. "There is always more danger when it runs through kindred blood, and she and my boys have the same great-grandfather, who was an awful old drunkard."

"Then I hope your sons know it, and are on the look-out for themselves," said Gundry.

"I can't say that they do, yet," said Mr. Arrowhead uneasily.

"Then will you excuse my saying that it's time they did, sir?" said Gundry. "Forewarned is forearmed, and I'll answer for Mr. Langdale being willing they should know the worst of him, if it's for their good. It may never come out in them, but you can never be sure it won't, if they are not abstainers altogether."

"Well—three generations. Where will you find a family in England that hasn't something of that taint?" said Mr. Arrowhead.

"Ah, where? You've said it, sir," said Gundry. "I hope my family's as clear as any, but my wife and I would be glad now if we had never taken anything to carry it on, for we both come of the old farming stock, and I expect our ancestors did a lot of heavy, respectable drinking, like their neighbours."

"But those old fellows didn't impair their constitutions as men do in these rapid days," said Mr. Arrowhead. "They could stand it."

"*They* might, but it comes out in those that come after, and work their brains more," said Gundry, "as sure as the dark blood shows out now and then in mixed races; and it's nearly sure to be in the cleverest of the lot. I can tell you, whoever saw Mr. Langdale on his wedding-day, a prince of men, and saw him again the day his wife died, would think it was worth giving up anything to guard against the flower of their children's children coming to that—though it might be only one out of fifty."

"You were there, then?" asked Mr. Arrowhead

in a hushed voice. "I have always wanted to know more of the circumstances of her death."

"Then you never will, from me," said Gundry. "I can only tell you, if I thought a son of mine could ever get the child of that woman and the heroine she has been herself, I wouldn't know where to kneel down low enough to thank God for it. I'd risk that inheritance. I'll wish you good-day, sir, and thank you very kindly for your kindness to my girl."

"I told you, the boot is on the other leg," said Mr. Arrowhead, rising. "Then, if the Langdales come, my wife can write to yours? And mind"—grasping Gundry's hand—"we can never repay you for what you have done in the past for the dearest friend of my own youth—more than many brothers are to my wife; and for the child we love."

Gundry walked away from the thanks with a negative sign, and John Arrowhead looked after him, not a little moved to think that he had struck on the builder's romance. If his instincts told him true, Langdale must have been Gundry's successful rival; and if so, how beautiful this man's devotion to him! It thrilled the man of the world with a strange emotion; he did not often come across such things. Family pride and sense of position were strong enough within him, for all his conscientious facing of facts when he invited Molly; but as he reviewed the past half-hour, and thought of the likeness between father and daughter which he had been watching, he said aloud, "I'd risk that inheritance. Bless her!"

CHAPTER XII.

ALCIE came back from the Sunday-school flushed and dispirited. She had set out inspired with ardent longings to be to her boys what her mother had been to Laurence Ryan; she returned exhausted by the hour's battle with twelve young imps who had not the faintest idea of taking her for their heroine and guiding star. To them she was "teacher"—born to talk, be bothered, and put down marks.

A harder task hung over her. Maria did not go to the laundry on Mondays, and Alcie had resolved not to miss this chance of speaking. She went in an agony; yet the effort was not what it would have been without the touch which had come so gently, and unsealed her past. To Laurence, that old time was no den of horrors: its darkness made the setting for his good angel's face; its miseries were the hounds that dragged her to his door, and heaven with her. Alcie always knew it would make an era, if the long, long silence were to break; she had not dreamed that the epoch could be so softly opened—even with music! But although the reference to her own history was made easier, nothing could make it other than dreadful to utter even a hint of warning that Maria could have cause to fear temptation. She did it somehow, hardly knowing what she said. Maria stiffened immediately.

"Well, miss, I think you might have waited to see as I was doing any harm to myself, before you had a call to speak of that."

"It would be too late then," said Alcie, desperate. "Maria—dear Maria—you know *I know* what it is when the harm has come. You helped to save—but only think what it is ever to want saving!"

"There's no saving wanted for me, miss; I never take anything but what I need. I couldn't do the work I do without it; nobody could. You don't know what it is to go on ironing, ten and eleven and *twelve* hours it has been, sometimes; and you've got to do it; the work all comes together, and you must take it and be thankful, when it's all you've got to depend on."

"But now that your husband has work—you could leave off now," pleaded Alcie.

"Then what's to become of us next winter, miss? They won't take you on when you want it if you go off and leave them just when all the ladies' summer dresses and blouses come in—twice the work they would have in winter. Even if Dyke was to be in work next winter (and I know he won't), what he gives me now isn't anything to pull up with. He thinks if I can keep the house when he's out, I can do it when he's in, too."

Alcie sat silent, in despair to see how this evil was perpetuating itself.

"You can't be off and on with laundry work," continued Maria. "You must take it or leave it, and I daren't leave it. But you needn't be afraid for me, miss. I know what's right, and you won't ever find me doing what some does."

"You mean the people you trust your children to?" said Alcie, driven to bay. Maria started.

"Oh dear, miss, don't let *her* think as ever I said a word against her! I never did, miss, you know."

"No, not a word," said Alcie sadly, "but I could see."

"Do mind, miss. The walls are so thin, you wouldn't believe how they hear through. She's out, but one of the children might be in by now. And she's been a good friend to me, has Mrs. Palmer," said Maria, dropping her voice at the name. "She came and helped me when none of your proud sort had a word to say to me. *They* wouldn't take and see to my children, while I had to be out earning a bit of bread to put into their mouths."

Alcie reflected that in proportion to a woman's standard of the care that children ought to have, would be her sacrifice in adding three more to her charge.

"You mean it kind, miss, I know," said Maria candidly, "but you can't know anything about it. I never did, when I lived at Mr. Brough's. I used to think people could do as they pleased; but people like us must do as they can; there 'tis."

Alcie sat for a minute trying to think what to say; then, finding herself speechless, rose to go. The sorrow in her eyes touched Maria more than words could have done.

"I know I don't know, Maria," she said meekly, "but there must *be* a way out of every wrong thing, and God knows what it is. You *will* ask Him to show you, won't you?"

Maria burst into tears. "He has left me," she sobbed. "I dare say I left Him first, but it's He has left me now. You can't live like we do, and

go on saying your prayers and think He hears you. He doesn't."

A light flashed into Alcie's face. "Maria, I came to that," she said, "but I know now that He was hearing all the time. He hears you—*He does*. Good-bye."

She grasped the rough hand, and was gone—through the gap, and away, by well-remembered paths, to the spot by the river where she had stood so often—poor little child with her bleeding heart, yet child enough to laugh and forget for a moment if a dog plashed into the water. But how her little heart had bled! How she had prayed, standing there, and seen no answer come! And yet the worst of all that she and her mother had endured together was not to be compared with the horror of trials beneath which love and faith go down. How many—ah, how many, in prisons, pest wards, and in judgment to come, may say that *they* came out of great tribulation! It is the old story—every sorrow a landing from which a stair leads up and down; and it is easier to go down than up.

Alcie walked on along the river's bank, and turned up a road lined with noble chestnut-trees, which ran between the town playing-fields and a meadow bordering the Leas, towards the Wyk road. The railway arches crossed it, and beyond, large houses were springing up, some of them already finished. Alcie paused to admire the flowering trees around one of them. A man touched his hat to her, and she recognised Masterman. He had come over to do some fine mason's work in a neighbouring house which Mr. Gundry was building; and seeing Alcie, he came to give her the report he had received of Dyke. It was a melancholy one. The man had been seen on Saturday night, drinking and treating royally, and going home very drunk. Alcie exclaimed in indignation.

"Well, miss, you must make allowance," said Masterman. "Think how that poor fellow stood about last winter—always miserable—cold and hungry and sick of his life, and no work to take up his mind. A mate comes along to have a glass; and if he's a good fellow he can't drink it and not think of the poor fellow outside—calls him in and stands treat. Dyke is all right in a minute—warm, and doesn't feel the hunger; and hope comes into him; he thinks something'll turn up. Of course it passes off; then he feels worse than ever, and looks out more than ever for the hope of another drink; and by-and-by that does turn up—it's the only thing that does. The only minutes of pleasure he'll have had for weeks and weeks together, will be when he has been treated—or got money, somehow, to spend. Those poor fellows come to be regular harpies on the men *in* work, looking out for them to treat them. Then, when a man like Dyke gets in, and comes off on Saturday with gold in his hand, he must treat back, unless he wants to count for a cornerman and hanger-on altogether."

"I see—those are his debts of honour," said Alcie.

"Yes, miss, and they come before the legal debts—the bills run up at the poor baker's and

chandler's—just as a gentleman's gambling debts come before his tradesmen's bills. He *must* treat."

"And drink too, I suppose," said Alcie.

"Well—he wants to," said Masterman. "When men like that get money, all the long-starved appetites rush out, and they have no power to hold them. The thirst for pleasure overcomes them. Only fancy it—after all those weeks of starving and being a poor devil hanging upon other men's good nature, to walk in like a prince, with the friends of his adversity admiring him—let them choose what they will have, and pay the money down! Why, he's a king, that hour! and more, when his own turn comes."

"Kings may be great, but Tam was glorious—
O'er all the ills of life victorious!"

And what's the alternative? The home's destroyed already, with the winter's hardship. They can have a meal, to be sure; but when that's eaten, all they have to talk about is a calculation how long it will take to get their things out of pawn again and pay off some of their debts; and when they find it's hopeless before winter come round, he chucks it over and goes back to be a king again. He may make ever such resolutions against it; when he meets a mate, it's all up with them. You won't suppose I'm justifying him, miss?" added Masterman, smiling. "Only, you see, a man mayn't be a villain, although his conduct to his family *is* villainous."

"But would Mr. Gundry take on such a man?" said Alcie.

"You ask him, miss. He'll be at the house directly. Would you like to come over and see it?"

Alcie went, and, with quite a new interest in houses, compared the costly, perfect arrangements for health and comfort in this one with those dwellings in the Leas—the basements flooded two or three times a year, and no contrivances for saving labour or keeping the place sweet and wholesome. Masterman made her notice the paint, smooth as satin.

"You see, Mr. Gundry can't employ inferior workmen," he said, "for he hasn't inferior work to give them—not more than enough to train his young hands on."

Here Gundry entered the hall. "Hallo! *you* here, my dear?" he exclaimed, taking off his hat.

Years ago, there had come a dreadful moment when Alcie was running up to kiss Mr. Gundry, and he only held out his hand with a smile, and said, "You're getting a big girl now." She had never quite recovered the shock, which was all the worse because her father had never found out that Emma and Molly were big girls. She had not had occasion to ask Gundry a favour since, and now, as she stood mustering her courage, something in her wistful look called back the moment of their first meeting in the Leas.

"Do you want anything, my dear?" he asked gently.

Timidly Alcie laid her case before him, Masterman helping out the story here and there. "Dyke is not a good man now," she ended, "but that is why I do want some one to help him."

Masterman saw the look that flashed over his master's face, and knew it meant that Gundry would go through fire and water for that man sooner than give him up. Alcie understood a little of it, and with her innate disposition to yield every advantage rather than press it, she added, "I know—Chris told me—there might be reasons why it wouldn't be right for you to take him on; but if you could——"

"What do you say, Masterman?" said Gundry. "Would you put him on at Ainsport, out of the way of his old pals?"

"Only you wouldn't take his wife away from Miss Langdale now, sir, would you?"

"And you wouldn't part them? Well," turning to Alcie, "his job is up on Wednesday, you said? Tell him if nothing else opens for him he may come round and see me on Wednesday night, if he likes."

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Alcie fervently, her face lighting up and flushing with joy. His eyes lingered on it with a yearning, mournful look. He went with her to the door. The late afternoon sunlight streamed over the may-trees in the garden, now one snowy mass of bloom. Alcie passed out of sight, and still he stood there, forgetful of Masterman and the work of the day, seeing white hedgerows where he had gone a-maying forty years ago.

Langdale thought Alcie looked pale and worn that evening.

"I am afraid, dearie, you must give up this Sunday-school work—it is too much for you," he said, laying his arm round her shoulders as they went back to the drawing-room after their early supper. When alone, they dined early, and suppertime moved with the seasons.

"It was not the Sunday-school to-day," said Alcie; and she told him about Maria. Langdale was shocked. Maria's bright and willing service had so lightened his captivity, he could never forget it; and the girl was so lovable; she ought to have drawn a prize. He had defended her wish to be married against Mr. Brough's old-bachelor prognostications, and maintained that Dyke was a good fellow.

"So he might be," he thought sadly. He paced up and down restlessly for a little, then left the room, and looked in again with his coat on.

"I am going to see the Dykes," he said. "Don't stay up for me if you are tired, dearie."

He, like Alcie, had never entered the Leas all these ten years. Strangely familiar it all seemed—the place no longer quiet, as in the afternoon, but teeming with noisy life. It was daylight still, out of doors, though dusk within, and all the world had turned out into the lanes to hear and tell the doings of the day. This was its evening paper. The Crescents and Terraces take in their news of the world; the Leas takes its local news, standing against the wall and sitting on doorsteps. Swarms of children ran in and out among the talking groups, quarrelling and shouting. Here and there were signs of tippy riot or fighting, but on the whole the crowd was not disorderly in the magisterial sense of the word.

Caroline Square was quiet as the City on Sunday, except for one coaxing voice just inside the door of a house where a light was burning.

"Come, now. We'll be back long enough before *he's* in. And if we weren't, he ought to know as you want a bit of pleasure as much as he does; and you know a deal better how to take it. Come along, and Johnny shall sit here and mind the children."

"No, Mrs. Palmer, thank you; I've got too much to do," said a half-hearted voice within.

Langdale knocked and asked if Dyke lived there.

"Mr. Langdale!" Maria knew the voice and came to the door, ready to gasp at her escape. He *had* heard her say "No" if he heard anything at all. But what a place to take him into! She had done her own washing that day, and the poor garments lay about in heaps; she had been too utterly out of heart, after Saturday and Sunday, to make any attempt at tidiness.

"You find me all at sixes and sevens, sir," she began, nervous and crimson.

"Don't make a stranger of me, Maria," said Langdale, in his kind voice. "I have only just heard that you were back in Forestwyk, and came to welcome you and bring a bit of good news for your husband."

Mrs. Palmer had disappeared. They sat down, and Maria told her efforts and sufferings—all but her husband's wrongdoings; she said not a word of them, and Langdale asked no questions on the subject. Dyke was "gone out somewhere" now, she said. The children were upstairs, but she brought down the baby boy, in his rosy sleep, to show to him. Langdale took him, and old memories thrilled as he gathered the little burden in his arms.

"Ah, Maria," he said, "you have had your troubles. I have had mine; and I have lived to see that the greatest sins can be forgiven, through our Saviour—and losses can be made up—friends regained—mistakes atoned—but the grave gives not back. My jewels are all gone, but one. You have all yours left. Please God you may see happy days yet."

He put the child back into her lap, saying, "Sit still. I will find my way out. Perhaps I may meet Dyke."

He guessed where the man would be, and resolved to seek him, the message from Gundry making an excuse for calling him out. But though he was nearly sure to be in a public-house, it was hard to know which, and Langdale realised with astonishment how many there were—all supported by these very poor people in the Leas. What sums of money must go into those tills! He looked into the nearest house. It was quiet and orderly—two boozing women on a bench, three or four men chatting with the barmaid; the door into the bar-parlour was opened at the moment, and he saw the seedy-looking men within. A sick horror came over him to think that he had ever chosen to make one of them, and lost his senses in such company. He drew back and went to a small, quiet beerhouse near, where he used to resort when he was struggling to keep within

bounds and resist the crave for spirits. The landlord, a fine-built man with a good, honest face, was serving a customer. Hastily he rapped down the change, stepped to Langdale's side, and said in a half-whisper, "For God's sake, don't begin again, sir."

"I have not, my friend," said Langdale, stung, but deeply touched; "I am looking for some one else. Is Charles Dyke a customer of yours?"

"Ah, I used to let him sit here in winter," said the man, "but now he's in work again he goes to more flash places—I don't see anything of him."

It was like the man, as Langdale remembered him. "Well, you won't think I forget past kindness," he said, holding out his hand, with his sad eyes and innate dignity. "If you ever want a friend, let me know—though I have ceased to come here."

"It's not for the likes of you, sir," said the man, gripping his hand, visibly moved. "I thank you, sir. You always was a gentleman, and gave us kind words."

The words had a double irony to Langdale's ear. "A gentleman!" That piled up the sin and shame. "Not for the likes of you." True. As he turned his steps towards Alcie's old horror with the red curtain, he recalled, acutely, the feelings with which he used to go there in old days. Not when the worst madness was on him—by a perilous mercy of nature, those times were blurred to his memory—but feeling as any man might, after a day's exhausting work with twice as much energy forced into it as nature had to spare—shattered, head and eyes throbbing, limbs dragging, spirit gone. The landlord there kept good wine for special customers, and would offer him a glass of that first. As Langdale sat and sipped it, his whole physical condition changed; life, energy, his normal self returned. The low surroundings—even the oily host and his customers—acquired a halo from being associated with this blessed revival, to which he looked forward all the weary day; and sometimes, for weeks together, he would enjoy it, and come away with no apparent harm. Thousands of temperate men know the feeling; there is no more sensuality in it than in rushing to fresh air after long confinement in a close room. Science has proved that the good wine is a risky resource on grounds of health, quite apart from the insidious danger of gradual excess; but Langdale was not scientific; he believed profoundly

in the virtues of that reviving glass or two, if a man could stop there, and pitied Dyke, as he thought that it was "not for the likes of him," any more than for himself.

He pushed open the familiar door and saw the familiar oily face. It was wreathed in smiles directly.

"This *is* an unexpected honour, sir. Why, we haven't seen you here I don't know when. You've been away, I suppose? What may I have the pleasure of getting you? This way," turning to the parlour.

Langdale declined, and explained his errand. One of the men said that Dyke was at the Easton Arms, and there he went. His task was becoming intolerably painful; he had not expected to be



FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T BEGIN AGAIN, SIR!

thus recognised. Dyke was not in the Easton Arms. The woman whom Langdale had seen with Maria was drinking at the bar, but did not see him. He tried one more house, and was rewarded; his man was there, and sober. Dyke had gone out because he could not bear the misery at home with Maria angry. What could she do, poor girl? She could not pass over such a Saturday and Sunday as though they made no difference; and yet her just resentment only drove him out again. His temperament was neither sensual nor overstrung; Masterman had rightly guessed that it was the long, hungry idleness which broke him down. Do we think enough what heroes the men are who stand up against it, week by week—nay, month by month?

Dyke had given Maria all the money he had

left, except a few coppers, but she did not believe it—so small was the residue. His half-pint had no flavour that evening. He was sitting over it, dull and miserable, when summoned to speak to a gentleman. The face of a friend brought cheer. He and Langdale walked to and fro in the quiet road where the new houses were; then he went back to Maria, and found her dropping tears over the child in her arms. The more she loved it, the more her heart sank before the prospect of another winter—worse than the last, because her husband had gone farther down. She was *so* tired! How could she go on like this?

Dyke had hurried to his home with a full heart, but on reaching it, he turned sheepish and tongue-tied.

"Do you know I've got a chance of work when this job's done, without losing a day?" he asked.

"Yes," said Maria, without looking at him. He came behind her clumsily and said, "You shall have a good husband yet, old girl."

Maria's tongue could hardly keep from saying "I've heard that before," but she restrained it. "Take him then, will you?" she said, giving up the boy with a sigh. "I ought to have been ironing, instead of nursing him."

She was *that* sick of the irons!

Dyke carried the child up the steep stair and sat on the bed in the dark, the little soft, breathing bundle in his arms—oh how precious! How he loved them—these children he had wronged!

Presently he put the boy into the large bed and lit the candle to see the two others in the small one—Jack, his little rosy face half laughing in his sleep, and Katie, lily fair, her golden hair curling on the pillow. He stood long looking at them, as fathers can when there is no one else to see. Then he blew out the light, and went down to try to help Maria by folding up the clothes. It made her twitch to see how he bundled them up, but she took the good intention civilly, almost in silence. She did not trust him yet. Each of them was bearing a load of love and anxious care for their little ones, and each alone.

CHAPTER XIII.

LANGDALE went back to the pleasant room where Alcie sat reading and his wife's portrait hung upon the wall. Alas, that only the picture knew this home of peace! The living woman had watched for him as Maria did for Dyke, only with keener anguish, because her love went deeper.

It was strange how much had come to bring the old times back—the sight of Chris again, Laurence, and now this dark night's work. Far into the night Langdale knelt in prayer, the sins of the past rolling over his head once more. In the morning, before anyone was astir, he stole down through the silent house, and went out into the wood. The fresh, sweet morning air stirred the leaves and made their light shadows tremble on the dewy grass; the birds sang their old chorus, "Life again, song again, love again!" No, not love *again*; it had never faltered—unchanged through all the shameful yesterday, to-day, for ever.

Langdale stood still, his soul carried up in awe and praise for the wonder of such love, such forgiveness. When he came back to outward scenes and looked down the glade before him, suddenly, to his mind's eye, a form was there—a white hind, with worlds of pity in her gentle eyes, stepping softly across the shadows, a green leaf in her mouth. It was one of the subjects from his favourite allegory which he had painted in his boyhood—the white hind coming out of the wood, in the early, dewy morning, bearing a leaf of healing for Sir Æneas when he lay in the hermit's cell, wounded unto death, it seemed, by the dragon's poisoned fangs. What a picture it would make! But there must be two—the one before it, of the knight, when he had grown careless and over-confident after his first victory, riding forth alone at the call to arms, in stained and rusty armour, to certain defeat.

Quick as the thought, Langdale hurried back to his study, and unearthed from a folio long unopened those two boyish studies. The genius in them astonished him. He had remembered that the woodland scene was good; but the other—though he smiled at the horse's legs—what a conception it was for a boy of fourteen!—the dark figure standing out against the cloudy sky and the rift of lurid light that told the stormy dawn; the withered bracken—all badly done, but full, to him, of the feeling that had weighed upon him as he worked, the heavy presage of approaching doom—ah, too prophetic! He gazed and sighed. Then he remembered a sketch of heathy country taken on a cloudy morning at Mount Cray, and sought it out. It gave the scenery he wanted. All his materials lay before him, except the armour, and he knew that could be had at Wycombe Priory.

Often had a subject seized him, and been thrust away as impossible, even if time could be made, for want of appliances—models, trappings, or landscape which he could not travel away to see. There were plenty of pretty little scenes he might have painted, but these he turned from, with a feeling like Thomas Cooper's when he was asked to collect and republish his minor poems, and thought the world had had enough minor poems. He would rather use up such things in decoration.

And yet a deeper motive had stayed his hand. He could not face the world again without first making, before God and man, his humble confession of sin and acknowledgment of mercy; but how? How tear open the dreadful past? How show the purple passion-flowers, and not the rotting death below? Again and again, at Mount Cray, he had been asked, "When are you going to give us some more pictures?" "Surely you will not always confine yourself to decoration?" And his answer had been always the same, "I am fifty-nine." Yet his eye was clear, his hand steadier than on many a day of desperate work in the past; the old fire smouldered ever; sometimes it glowed, and then the pretty little things required of him seemed to mock it like lumps of cold clay laid upon a hearth. It stirred afresh when he learned how his old exploits were remembered; but always, when it kindled up, he was burdened, like the

Ancient Mariner, with a necessity to tell his tale.

Here, before him, it lay, in words not understood of the common people, but plain to his old comrades. He could tell it, in his own cypher, and unload his breast.

"Father, do you know it has struck eight?" said Alcie, looking in. He was generally punctual as the clock.

Langdale looked up from the studies before him with a light in his eye that she was not wont to see. He took her two hands in his, and said, "I could paint these, Alcie."

"Father!" She understood. "Oh, father, how lovely!"

"What, this?" he asked, with a smile, touching a hoof of the poor, shambling war-horse.

"No. For you to do it!"

There was a flash in her eyes, too. Langdale bent to kiss her, and they went together to the cheerful breakfast-room, where the Bible lay open for prayers. He looked round on the order and purity and simple beauty of his home, and felt there was but one passage in the Book that he could read this day—the 15th of Luke. At last, even to the prodigal, the words were uttered, "All that I have is thine." His art had come back to him and spoken in his ear again.

If Alcie had known all the ups and downs, the fevers and despairs of true imaginative work, her joy would have been chequered. It was well that she did not: the father and daughter sat silent over their meal in the fulness of absolute sympathy.

Langdale wrote without delay to inquire if there was an animal in the Zoological Gardens that would serve him as a model, and found that there was: not a white hind, but a hornless fallow deer. This settled the question of going to London at Whitsuntide, much to Alcie's satisfaction. Though the Storrs were expecting to be out of town then, she liked to feel the current of the life they lived in; it had a fascination of its own for her.

On the next Saturday afternoon, Langdale called at the Priory, and, as he expected, was made free of anything contained in the house which he had once had the task of adorning. Lord Forestwyk was deeply interested in the studies, and looked at the first with an expression which led Langdale to say: "Possibly you may have a clue to what this story means to me."

"I—I have," said Lord Forestwyk, embarrassed, "or, at least, I had been told that—that there was a reason for your falling out of the race. But that is long past now."

"May I ask if you heard it long ago?" asked Langdale, commanding the pain he felt.

"Not very long, I think," replied the Earl, trying to command what he felt himself. "Believe me, I have never heard your name uttered without sincere regard."

"I thank you for your candour; it is a help to me," said Langdale.

A look passed between them, and the Earl quitted the subject by asking, "Have you any ultimate views as to the disposal of these paintings?"

"I might try the Academy, if they come up to the mark. It is my old place," said Langdale.

"You may rely on being hung," said Lord Forestwyk. "But, however that may be, unless some older friend should covet these, will you give me opportunity to offer you something over the highest offer you may get for them, unless it goes beyond my purse?"

"Nay, you must never give me more than others," said Langdale. "Least of all for this," pointing to the white hind. "She stands for 'the blessed company' of all who bear messages of healing on their lips; and among my healers, you and your countess can never be forgotten. If you like the pictures when they are finished, you shall have them at your own price."

It was like taking the price of blood to receive money for them at all, but Langdale truly added, "There is hardly anyone to whom I would so gladly part with them."

It was a relief that he would be able to speak of these pictures as a commission from Lord Forestwyk; it drew a veil over their inner motive.

When Langdale reached home, he found Alick in the study, helping Alcie to put a number of her father's little sketches into a book, or rather, doing it for her. If there was a task that she hated, it was sticking things in books. Langdale stood watching him, and praised his neat handiwork.

"I am going to put something more upon you," he said presently.

Alick looked up brightly, always ready.

"Lord Forestwyk wants me to paint him two pictures, and I shall want you to take some of my orders that I may give time to them."

"Mr. Langdale!" exclaimed Alick, starting up and standing on the book to press it. "You do me too proud!"

"You are quite equal to it. It is time that you had the opportunity," said Langdale.

"And you—*you*!" exclaimed Alick, with sparkling eyes, "it is what we have all been longing for you to do. May I look?" taking the woodland scene from Langdale's hands. "What an exquisite little thing!"

Langdale chatted a little, gave Alcie one eloquent look, and went to his room.

"Let us put these away, quick," said Alcie. "I know he will want to be alone here when he comes down."

"You are pleased?" said Alick.

"I have longed for it, Alick. Ever since I saw his old paintings at Aunt Fanny's I have longed for him to paint his heart out again, not spend himself altogether in this wretched decoration."

This, to a decorator, was hardly civil, but neither of them noticed that.

"And how kind of him to make this a reason for putting me forward," said Alick. "Now, Alcie, I want you to do me a kindness. Will you promise, honour bright, to let me know if there is anything whatever that I could do to save his time? Make him use me—up to the limits of my humble capacities. I am his slave till those pictures are done."

"I will, truly, Alick. Thank you ever so much ! But you will be going away for your holiday next month."

"There is no occasion for me to go at all."

"You mustn't give it up. That would not be right."

"Especially in my state of health," said Alick tragically. "Don't my looks show how I am pining away? No, seriously—I don't like being long away at the very time of year when Uncle Zach ought to be dragged out; and do you know, with his usual kindness, he has looked out for a horse in old Blackbird's place that will be good for saddle or harness—with an eye to me. But he used to be a mighty rider once, and I mean him to ride the new horse and I get another. And if we could find a lady's horse that Mr. Langdale would trust you on—"

"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed Alcie. She had ridden just enough to know the delight of it. And with Mr. Brough!

"And then I should get change enough, and still be at Mr. Langdale's beck and call."

"You *are* good, Alick," said Alcie.

"Could anything be good that I do for him?" said Alick, turning full towards her. "Hasn't he made me, from the beginning? And," his voice softened, "he spared *you* to us. That cost him more than it did you."

"It cost me nothing. I loved doing it," said Alcie.

"I know it, Alcie. That was the best of it," answered Alick, with feeling in his voice such as he rarely showed. Alcie returned it only by a look.

"Can you give me a piece of string?" said Alick. "If you don't mind my taking all this away, I can finish it at home."

"It is too bad to let you," said Alcie, finding the string nevertheless. "There is tea just going in."

"I won't stop, thank you," said Alick. "Mr. Langdale will want to talk to you, and I ought just to show myself at Walnut Farm. By the way, Jennie Constable told me your *protégé* was up there on Wednesday, and getting on much better."

"Whom do you call my *protégé*?" said Alcie, surprised, thinking of Maria.

"What, do you repudiate poor old Chris already? What a shame! He is a most worthy old innocent, and Jennie says he is civilising—quite made himself generally useful. The Halls were up there, and some others of that ilk, and I daresay it was easier for him. There! May I leave this in the summer-house and pick it up as I come down?" And away ran Alick, not seeing that Alcie did not look quite pleased to hear Chris classified with "that ilk."

Mrs. Arrowhead lost no time in sending Molly's invitation, when she heard that the Langdales were coming. Mrs. Gundry was deeply gratified.

"Here *is* something come for you, Molly," she said, handing her the letter with a look of pride and pleasure that neither Gundry nor Molly forgot. And she plunged into preparations for outfit with so lavish a hand that her daughter had to cry "Halt!"

"I might really be a poor person, or a servant, she is so bountiful," thought Molly.

Of course there were thorns among the roses. Molly had to accept things which she knew would be of no use, and no one observed that, save a brooch or two, she had not a morsel of jewellery; and other girls wore ornaments! The dress of the little Gundrys, in childhood, had been plain even to peculiarity. Emma was proud of it, and thought it made them look like the little girls who died in story-books; but poor Molly grew up with a burning desire to be dressed like other girls. However, when so much was being done for her, she could not ask for more, and nothing worth wearing was within the limits of her own little purse. To do her justice, all the money her father gave her to spend in London was reserved for buying presents.

When she went up to dress for tea on the eve of the expedition, a packet lay on her table, addressed to her. Opening it, she found, in morocco cases, a gold necklet with five pendants; each bearing a ruby, and a bracelet to match.

For a minute she stood transfixed with delight, then seized her treasures and rushed to find her father. She ran against Chris in her haste, and asked breathlessly, "Is father in?"

"Yes, in his den."

"Look, oh look, Chris!"

"I say!" said Chris, and walked on. Molly burst into the study and astonished Gundry by throwing her arms round his neck, crying "Father, oh, father! How did you know I wanted it?"

"What is it all about?" said Gundry, seating her on his knee and taking up a case. "Hullo! My word! Well, it wasn't me, Molly."

"Who—? It must be Chris!" Molly grew scarlet at the thought of her non-deserts.

"For shame of him to spoil you like that," said Gundry, quite as delighted as she was. He made her put on the ornaments, and praised and admired them. Then it occurred to him that he had her here in his arms, and it was just the time for that word of counsel which it must be his duty to give her before she went out into the world. He sat silent for a minute or two, laboriously trying to frame something profitable; then he looked into her dear face—her eyes starry with happiness, the pretty flush upon her cheek, little teeth showing through the parted lips.

"Bless you!" he said, hugging her. "Go and be happy, you little puss."

That was all the good advice she had from him.

The bell rang, and Molly darted off, eager to catch Chris in a corner; but fate was unpropitious. All the family were trooping in to high tea.

"Chris, you wicked, deceitful old villain," she began, catching at his sleeve.

"Sh! Don't mention it," he said, shaking her off. "What would the elders say?"

Gundry came laughing behind, and they were all as weak-minded as possible over the bit of finery—such a little thing! but it would always be telling love stories to Molly, and to Chris too. He had had his conscientious doubts about the extravagance, but they vanished at the first sight of her delighted face.

Next day—the Friday before Whit Sunday—

Gundry drove the two girls to meet Langdale for the afternoon train. The sun shone, the landscape wore its own jewels, May blossoms lingering into earliest June this late season. The world was all enchantment to Molly, and Alcie caught the infection. The load of other people's cares rolled off her. She had a holiday from the dreaded Sunday-school. Dyke was at work for Gundry, and good Emma, with her mother's willing consent,

had invited the family to tea at Greenway on Whit Monday, out of temptation. Alcie was free to forget their troubles; she was off for a jaunt with Molly—the green earth laughed in company, and Langdale, in his gayest mood, with his old love of doing things *en prince*, was bent on spoiling the two girls with every luxury of travel. This hard old school of life must have its dancing-days, and that was one.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

BY CHARLES DIXON, AUTHOR OF "THE MIGRATION OF BRITISH BIRDS."

THE passage of migratory birds each year to and fro between their nesting-places and their winter homes is one of the most interesting of all natural phenomena, and at the same time, notwithstanding the attention it has received from naturalists, one of the least understood. From the very earliest periods of recorded time the migration of birds appears to have been a special subject of man's attention. The prophet Jeremiah eloquently comments upon the migration of four well-known birds of passage in the East: "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming." Even in remoter ages it is said that the Persians and the Arabs compiled portions of their calendars from the dates of arrival of certain birds of passage; whilst the subject of migration was frequently the chosen theme of Greek poets more than a thousand years before the Christian era.

How absorbing is the interest in watching the arrival of the migrant birds in spring, from the chiffchaff and the wheatear in windy March with the first opening buds of the hawthorn, the pale primroses, and the tasselled catkins of the birch and hazel, to the laggard little red-backed shrike and turtle-dove at the beginning of May! Gradually, almost imperceptibly, winter is left behind.

Day by day the migrant birds arrive; morning after morning these little feathered strangers from across the sea appear unerringly, mysteriously, in the old accustomed haunts, pilgrims of the night in most cases, seeking their summer homes in darkness. One morning it is the delicate little willow-wren that we see for the first time, hopping silently about the yet leafless branches, and every now and then essaying a short flight into the air to catch the still scarce insects; another morning we are just as equally charmed and surprised to notice the martins back again, gliding to and fro, twittering blithely, visiting their mud-built nests under the eaves. Or perhaps the full, rich notes of the cuckoo greet us at sunrise from the tall trees in the meadows, or the rasping cry of the corn-crake startles us by its very novelty from the fields of growing grain. Throughout the month of April almost daily surprises of this sort are in store for the lover and observer of birds.

Almost to the day each old familiar nook becomes tenanted by these birds of perpetual summer; some of the travellers tarry but a day and then pass on still farther north, calling at certain places with amazing regularity both in going and returning; almost imperceptibly the grand spring migration progresses, until finally each species has retired to its breeding-grounds, and nesting duties, the one all-important function of the year, begin.

But scarcely has the great wave of northern migration in spring ceased to break upon our island shores before the first signs of the returning exodus in autumn begin to be apparent. Somehow the departure of our migrant friends is not without its sadness; as we miss them from their favourite haunts day by day through the mellow, brown-hued autumn each desertion brings the chill and cheerless winter nearer. We watch the swallows and the martins and the more distantly related swifts foregather in the old accustomed spots, where, maybe, we have witnessed the same phenomenon for oft succeeding years, and we know full well that the display of such pronounced gregariousness is but the sign of their near departure, and the first indication of the long journey south. For weeks we have remarked the hush of song, the skulking movements, the family gatherings; and, at last, the mysterious disappearance of species after species takes place. For long the warbler band has been tuneful in nothing but in name; all song is hushed in the process of the moult; and usually the migration flight is initiated with the complete growth of the new plumage. Who can note the departure of these little feathered travellers unmoved; who miss them from their leafy haunts without longing to speed with them towards lands of southern summer too?

It is not our intention in the present article to dwell at any length upon the purely philosophical aspects of migration, but merely to sketch a few of its most striking and most palpable characteristics. There can be no doubt whatever that the practice of migration by many birds and animals in the Northern Hemisphere is a habit acquired during the gradual range expansion of such species from a more or less equatorial base. That the practice is an acquired one is proved beyond all possibility of doubt by the fact that it is not universal

among all the individuals of the same species. Thus, the individuals of many species that are practically stationary in our islands are birds of regular passage on the Continent. The robin in our country is a resident ; but the robins that breed in Scandinavia, for instance, where the winters are so much more severe, draw southwards in autumn, even visiting North Africa. The starling, the hooded crow, and the goldcrest are all residents

regions farther south, where the climate is more equable. Thus, the pretty little willow-wren that always visits us so regularly in April, and just as regularly departs in September, is a sedentary species in North Africa ; whilst the sweet-voiced blackcap, only seen in summer in our islands, resides all the year round in the countries bordering the Mediterranean, as likewise do the chiffchaff and the sedge-warbler. Not only does the habit



MIGRATING BIRDS ATTRACTED BY A LIGHTHOUSE.

in the British Islands ; in many parts of continental Europe they are birds of as regular passage as the swallow is with us. Even such hardy birds as yellow buntings, ringdoves, and oyster-catchers, which brave all the rigours of a British winter, never fail to leave certain continental localities at the approach of the cold season. Other instances may be given where certain species are only known as summer visitors to Britain, yet are stationary in

of migration vary amongst individuals of the same species, but the actual distance travelled does so to a degree that can only be described as astonishing. For instance, many knots spend the winter no farther south than the British Islands, whilst others prolong their journey to South Africa, to Australia, and New Zealand, a flight of at least four times the distance. Again, the turnstone in some cases winters in Britain, but during the cold season this

species is found almost everywhere along the coasts of the Southern Hemisphere, from New Zealand to South America. Some willow-wrens go as far south as the Cape to winter; others, as we have already seen, journey no farther than the Mediterranean.

The causes of migration have been almost universally attributed by scientific men to want of food. Migration is described as having its origin in the retreat of birds from that scarcity or even entire absence of food in northern latitudes during winter; but the actual facts do not in any way warrant such an assumption. Birds begin their migrations both in spring and autumn long before food becomes scarce; and in the majority of cases the bulk of the young birds leave their birthplaces even from one to two months before their parents. The theory lately propounded by the present writer in his volume on "The Migration of British Birds"—viz. the "breeding impulse"—seems to be a rational explanation of the phenomenon; and this theory is supported and strengthened to a great degree by the marvellous researches of Heinrich Gätke, during fifty years' observation of avine migration at Heligoland. The subject is far too complicated to be dealt with in a popular article; but readers desirous of further information may consult the above-mentioned volume, together with Gätke's great work, "Heligoland as an Ornithological Observatory," where the initiating causes of migration are fully discussed.

A few words now become necessary on what we may aptly call the conditions of flight. We have already asserted that migration is an acquired habit, but there can be little doubt that the impulse to perform that habit is not only a deeply rooted one, but an inherited and instinctive impulse. Captive birds often show exceptional restlessness as the accustomed time for their departure draws near; and the cries of migrating birds of their own species will not unfrequently visibly excite them to unusual efforts to gain their freedom and join the passing flocks. Even birds in a state of absolute freedom display exceptional emotions and indulge in certain peculiar habits. They are restless, and often gather into flocks just previous to their departure. When once the long journey begins, birds apparently follow the routes which their ancient range expansion has slowly formed, and this applies not only to species but to individuals. If that route chance to be an exceptionally dangerous one, the individuals and their descendants that are in the habit of following it will continue to traverse it until every bird may become exterminated; it will never be changed. Routes followed are those which many generations of experience have rendered familiar.

Most birds moult before they migrate, and the process of changing the feathers is generally completed just before the journey begins. Much diversity of opinion prevails as to the order in which birds migrate. Some observers state that the young birds migrate before their parents, and regard this as an absolute proof of an instinctive knowledge of the way. Now, there can be no doubt whatever that the young of certain species appear, say on the British coasts, weeks in advance of the

general arrival of the adult individuals. But a few old birds invariably precede the arrival of the young and also accompany them. In spite of this, many young birds go astray every autumn, lose their way, and wander far from their normal areas. A few restless old birds, then, are the first to depart south in autumn; with them a certain percentage of the young also travel. After most of the young have quitted the breeding-grounds the adult males move south; then come the females; and, lastly, those which from a variety of causes have been delayed in their departure or retarded in their progress, by loss of wing feathers, weakness, or other infirmities. In spring this order is somewhat reversed, the adult males starting first, the females following, the young of the previous summer coming next, and in the rear of all the weakly and the maimed.

We also find considerable diversity in the time during which migration is performed. Some birds journey by night, some by day; some species both by night and day. The punctuality of these feathered travellers is often simply marvellous: almost to the day certain birds may be observed back again in the old familiar quarters; almost to a day they depart south in autumn.

During migration birds are in the habit, under normal conditions, of flying at vast altitudes, where they can not only command a very extensive view of the earth below them, but where the mere physical labour of flight may be performed at the least cost of endurance. As an instance of the enormous height at which birds migrate we may mention the fact that they have repeatedly been detected through astronomical telescopes crossing the disc of the sun and moon at an altitude of from one to three miles.

Of the speed at which birds travel we have few data to form any accurate opinion. Gätke makes some startling statements respecting this matter. He computes the flight of the blue-throated warbler to be 180 geographical miles per hour; that of the Virginian plover to be 212 miles. And this speed is said to be maintained for nine and fifteen hours in succession. Unfortunately, however, these remarkable figures are based on very inconclusive evidence; and we therefore think it wise to wait for more detailed and satisfactory observations before accepting them.

The perils that beset migrating birds on their way across land and sea are very many. Few readers can realise the enormous amount of mortality connected with the performance of migration, especially among young birds. Of the vast numbers of these latter individuals that attempt the southern passage in autumn but very few indeed return north again in spring. Fatigue arising from long-continued flight, especially across the sea, is a very fatal peril. Flocks of tiny migrants may often be met with on the coast in a sadly exhausted state. As a rule migrants do not essay a sea journey unless the weather be favourable; but the elements are fickle, sudden storms arise, gales and showers of snow and sleet and hail often overtake the migrant hosts, and beat and chill the life out of all but the strongest. Then there are the hungry birds of prey to contend with, ever ready to strike down the weakly and the unwary. Many of

these raptorial birds are migratory themselves, and time their seasons of passage to coincide with those of their victims.

Another, and comparatively a new source of danger to birds on migration is the fatal attraction of lighthouses and light-vessels. Fatal as the proverbial candle to the fascinated moth, these gleaming beacons on our coasts prove the death of uncounted birds each season of passage. On clear nights the birds, fortunately, rarely visit these fatal lanterns, but on dark, cloudy, and foggy nights the mortality is high. It is also a curious fact that fixed white lights are more deadly than revolving or coloured ones; and it has also been remarked that after the erection of a fog-horn the light has ceased to attract birds to their doom. Odd birds from time to time dash themselves against the glass of the lanterns throughout the months that the migration of birds is in progress, but occasionally vast flights appear at the beacons, and some of the scenes then witnessed are interesting and fascinating in the extreme. Here are one or two reports from lighthouses and vessels. At the Bell Rock the keepers reported: "What we think were woodcocks struck with great force. Birds continued flying within the influence of the rays of light till the first streak of day, continually striking hard all night, and falling into the sea." And again: "Birds began to arrive at 7.30, striking lightly and flying off again. The numbers went on increasing till midnight, when a vast flock swarmed in the rays of the light, and, striking hard, fell on the balcony dead, or rebounded off, falling into the sea. At 3 A.M. another flock arrived, crowded on the lantern windows, trying to force their way to the light. The noise baffled description. The birds were in thousands." From the Galloper light-vessel, moored some fifty miles off the mouth of the Thames, it was reported that on one October night from 500 to 600 birds struck the rigging and fell into the sea; that thousands of birds were flying round the lantern from midnight to early morning, their white breasts, as they dashed to and fro in the circle of light, having the appearance of a heavy fall of snow. Another night 160 birds were picked up on deck, and it was computed that quite another thousand went overboard. At the Tuskar Rock lighthouse, off Wexford, 1,200 birds were counted killed in a single night, and hundreds more fell into the sea! The terrific force with which some of these birds strike the lanterns is almost incredible. Woodcocks have been known to break glass three-eighths of an inch in thickness, whilst on another occasion a flock of ducks shattered into small pieces glass a quarter of an inch thick.

The enormous numbers of these migrating birds are almost past belief, especially in autumn, when

the young swell the ranks of the travellers so largely. Night and day the rush of birds passing north or south, east or west, according to season, is simply prodigious. This is especially remarkable in such species as goldcrests, starlings, and skylarks. Vast waves of the first-named species—the smallest of British birds—sometimes spread westwards for days and nights in succession. In 1882, a somewhat exceptional migration of this bird to the British Islands took place, extending over a period of ninety-two days. This vast wave of bird-life was at least 900 miles in breadth; not only was the goldcrest observed in swarms all along our eastern coasts, but Gätke records them from Heligoland in what he describes as a perfect storm, "perching on the ledges of the window-panes of the lantern of our lighthouse, preening their feathers in the glare of the lamps; all the island swarming with them, filling the gardens and the cliffs—hundreds of thousands." The hosts of starlings and skylarks are even more remarkable. These birds cross the North Sea each year literally in millions. For days and days together flock after flock in unbroken succession, and numberless as the sands of the shore, speed onwards in astounding hosts; square miles of birds like flakes of snow in a drifting storm! Many other birds migrate in such companies as literally to darken the skies; but, on the other hand, there are many more that seem to journey in smaller flocks, or even alone.

There is an immense amount of what we may term "internal migration" during winter. Birds at that season wander about a good deal in quest of food; and there is evidence to show that certain species move from the Continent to our milder area during the prevalence of severe weather abroad. These movements, however, are purely local ones, and always take place within the normal winter area of the species partaking in them. Mention might also be made of those irruptive movements of which Pallas's sand-grouse is one of the most familiar instances to British naturalists. These birds on two occasions have swept westwards over Europe in vast hordes from their home in Central Asia, but their efforts thus to increase their breeding range have in every case proved utterly abortive, and show us that these movements are entirely abnormal.

The April days are passing on. Almost each hour of observation will present us with some interesting fact bearing on the wonderful phenomenon of avian migration. To watch the birds appear one after the other in the old haunts is, in itself, a pleasant occupation for an idle hour, but how much more interesting the subject becomes when it is investigated philosophically and in relation to the facts we have here briefly indicated, needs no words of ours to emphasise.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE DEPARTMENTS OF ANTIQUITIES.

BY SIR E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, K.C.B.



THE ELGIN ROOM.

THE DEPARTMENTS OF ANTIQUITIES.

THE collections of antiquities in the British Museum which illustrate the art, history, and science of the kingdoms of the ancient world, occupy the western and part of the northern and southern galleries. The three main divisions into which they fall are objects which have been obtained from Egypt; those which have been recovered from the buried cities of Babylonia and Assyria; and those which have been handed down to us from ancient Greece and Rome.

Our interest in these several divisions is varied. For example, while we chiefly look for beauty and artistic merit, and, in a less degree, for historical interest, in the antiquities of Greece and Rome, the attraction which the remains of Egypt have for us is rather of a strictly antiquarian and also of a domestic character. We are impressed with the immense age of the earlier remains of that ancient kingdom. When we consider that we have to carry back our gaze to a period of four thousand years before the birth of Christ, we are lost in admiration at the marvellous mechanical skill which

produced the mighty temples and the colossal sculptures of the land of the Pharaohs in those remote times; and, on the other hand, when we contemplate the relics of domestic life which have been recovered from the tombs, as fresh as if they had been made but yesterday, we bridge the space of ages, and with that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, we are in the living presence of the king, soldier, statesman, or priest, humble peasant, or little child, with whose bodies those objects have lain at rest for thousands of years. With the Babylonian and Assyrian antiquities our interest is somewhat the same. Again, we are impressed with the enormous age of the earliest specimens; and again we are brought into close touch with those ancient peoples when we take up and peruse the records of their religion, their science, their everyday life, which have been preserved to us in thousands of inscribed clay tablets found in the temples and palaces and libraries of the greatest kings. At the same time, art is not wanting in either the remains of Egypt or in those of Assyria. It is true that there it is of a more mechanical nature, and wants the inspiration which nearly always pervades the monuments of ancient Greece. But the sculpture of the Egyptian is always impressive in its serious solemnity. And the bold designs of some of the figures of the Assyrian sculptor and the minute details which he so faithfully reproduced in his bas-reliefs, and, still more, the correct delineation of the anatomy of human beings and animals, prove that he was not without artistic instinct.

Had the British Museum been built with the view of housing and displaying in historical and chronological sequence great collections of antique sculpture already formed, the architect might have planned the galleries in a way better adapted for the attainment of that object. Things being as they are, the arrangement of these antiquities, although an attempt has been made to preserve historical order as far as possible, has necessarily been subject to some dislocation. Thus, on entering the sculpture galleries, the visitor has to pass through comparatively late remains of the Roman period before he can reach the sculptures of Egypt and Assyria and Greece. We must in some degree follow the same order, in so far that we shall first review the collections of the department of Greek and Roman antiquities, as directly representing the original department of antiquities of 1807.

GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

At the time when the Museum was founded the antiquities of Egypt were little known, and those of Western Asia still lay buried in the sandhills of Mesopotamia. The ancient world was practically represented by the antiquities of Greece and Rome alone, and the classical element in English education had fostered a taste for, and an appreciation of, those objects. Briefly let us recount the principal collections of which the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities is composed. The first important addition to the small nucleus

of archaeological objects which were attached to the collections brought together by the foundation of the Museum was the important series of antique vases which had been collected by Sir William Hamilton while ambassador at the Court of Naples. His collection also included a good series of objects in terra-cotta and glass, coins and medals, bronzes, engraved antique gems, and some sculptures. It was purchased in 1772 for the sum of £8,400. The next great series to be added was that of Charles Townley, a member of an old Lancashire family, consisting chiefly of the finer single statues and pieces of sculpture which are to be seen in the Græco-Roman rooms of the Museum. This collection was purchased in 1805 for the sum of £20,000; and subsequently, in 1814, the bronzes, coins, gems, and drawings which Townley had also brought together were acquired for £8,200. But by far the most important addition to the department, and one which can never be surpassed in artistic value, was the great series of sculptures from ancient Athens which came to the Museum in 1816, by purchase, for £35,000, from the Earl of Elgin—the collection which is now known by the name of the “Elgin Marbles.” Other important additions are those of the sculptures from a temple at Phigaleia, in Arcadia, excavated by Cockerell the architect, and purchased in 1815–16 for £19,000. The collection formed by Richard Payne-Knight of sculptures, bronzes, coins, and other smaller antiquities was bequeathed in 1826, being estimated to be worth £60,000. Sculptures recovered from the ancient cities of Lycia in Asia Minor were bequeathed by Sir Charles Fellows in 1845. Great excavations have also been undertaken since the middle of this century, and have resulted in the recovery of sculptures from Cyrene in North Africa; of the remains of the Mausoleum and other sculptures brought from the ancient site of Halicarnassus by Sir Charles Newton in 1856–57; and of an important series of architectural and sculptured marbles from the site of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was explored by Mr. J. T. Wood in the years 1863–75. It would be tedious to enumerate all the sources from whence important additions to the department have been obtained; we may, however, notice the acquisition of collections of miscellaneous objects, such as the great series of engraved gems and the interesting set of Roman silver plate which were purchased from the Blacas Collection in 1866; and the fine series of engraved gems and cameos purchased from the Earl of Carlisle in 1890; nor should we fail to place on record the recent bequest by the late Miss E. T. Turner of a sum of £2,000, which, by judicious expenditure on excavations, has already placed the Museum in possession of very interesting antiquities from Cyprus.

The earliest examples of the sculpture of Greece are brought together in the Room of Archaic Greek Sculpture. The study of Greek archaeology, in its true sense, has received, during recent years, a powerful stimulus from the discovery of so many important remains on early sites. We now understand, better than scholars of former generations could possibly know, the debt which the Greeks owed to the arts of Egypt and Western Asia.

and the evidence of their influence on the methods followed by the Greek sculptor, or painter, or skilled workman becomes stronger and more convincing year by year, as exploration and excavation increase the material for comparison. It is not our present task to follow or discuss the development of Greek art; we only have to convey to our readers some idea of the material which has been accumulated in the British Museum for the study of such development. In the Archaic Room we have original sculptures from the site of the Lycian town of Xanthos in Asia Minor, the most interesting among them being the square-built monument known, from details of its design, as the Harpy Tomb, which is probably as early as the year 550 B.C. More historically interesting are the series of primitive seated statues of local dignitaries which lined the sacred way leading to the Temple of Apollo at Didyma, near Miletus, and other pieces of sculpture from the same temple, which was destroyed by the Persians on the suppression of the revolt of the Ionian Greeks in the year 496 B.C. These remains, together with some statues of archaic type, are supplemented with casts of famous sculptures in other museums, the whole collection thus forming a useful historical series for the benefit of the student. The mixture of casts with originals in the galleries of a public museum should not be carried to any great extent; in the British Museum it is considered permissible to incorporate reproductions of such sculptures as are by common consent placed in the first rank of art, and are beyond the reach of acquisition.

Among the archaic sculptures there is also an ingenious restoration, made up of fragments of a portion of one of the sculptured columns of the ancient Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which preceded the temple of the time of Saint Paul; and round its base are portions of an inscription recording the name of Croesus as its donor, thus confirming the statement of Herodotus. This leads us naturally to examine the collections in the Ephesus Room, where are erected the great sculptured fragments which have been recovered from the temple built about 330 B.C., so well known to us from the account of St. Paul's visit to Ephesus, as told in the Acts of the Apostles. Not only was the enormous scale of this temple one of its chief characteristics, but it was also remarkable in having a series of sculptured columns, in the front of the building, erected upon lofty square bases also enriched with sculpture. A restoration in fragments of what is thought to have been their original position has here been attempted, and with successful effect, as far as it can be attained within the limits of a room.

By far the most beautiful gallery of sculpture in the Museum is that occupied by the Elgin Marbles, which should have preceded the sculptures from Ephesus if strict chronological order could have

been maintained. Among the chief buildings which were raised upon the Acropolis of Athens in the brief half-century which followed the victory of Marathon and saw the Athenians at the head of the confederate states of Greece, the greatest was the Parthenon, or Temple of the Virgin Goddess Athenè. The name of Pheidias, the greatest of Greek sculptors, is inseparably connected with



SCULPTURED COLUMN FROM THE TEMPLE OF DIANA
AT EPHESUS.

The subject of the sculpture of the column above the square base is probably the Ascent of Alcestis from Hades, the winged figure representing Death.

this marvellous monument; to his skill was entrusted the execution of the sculptural decorations of the building, and it is his handiwork which we see in the remains collected in this room. The temple was built between the years 454 and 438 B.C. After the glory of Greece had departed the Parthenon served many turns. It was first a church, then a mosque, and finally a powder-magazine. When the Venetians bombarded the Acropolis in the year 1687 a shell thrown into the building caused an explosion which destroyed the middle portion. The Venetian general did further injury by trying to take down one of the sculptured groups; and, under the reign of the Porte, things went from

bad to worse. In the years 1801 to 1803 the Earl of Elgin, then British Ambassador at Constantinople, foreseeing the imminent destruction of the whole building by the constant mutilations wantonly inflicted by the ignorant and fanatical Turks, did an invaluable service to the whole civilised world by obtaining the leave of the Sultan to remove a large number of these priceless treasures of antiquity



GREEK TOMBSTONE.

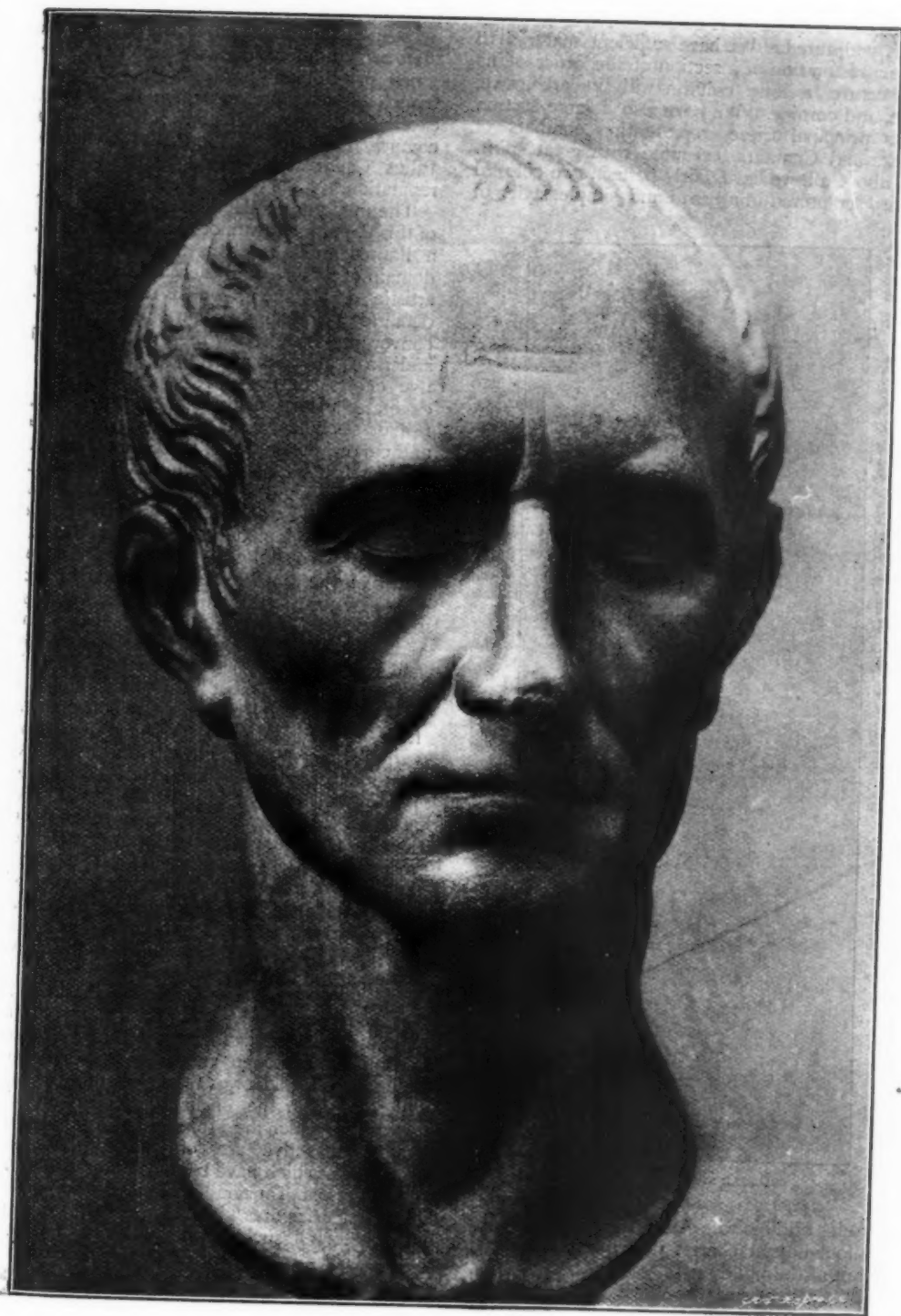
to England. The various groups in which the Elgin Marbles are arranged are, first, the remains of the two pediments of the temple, those which belonged to the eastern pediment being the more perfect. The latter are so famous as some of the greatest productions of Pheidias, and have been so frequently copied and described, that it is only necessary to remind the reader that the group represented the birth of the goddess Athené, and that certain pieces, such as the reclining figure which is known as Theseus and the three figures

which are known as the Fates, could hardly be surpassed in beauty of execution. Other parts of the temple supplied the square panels sculptured in high relief with combats between Centaurs and Lapiths; and still more beautiful and effective is the long band of sculpture which runs completely round the room, and which formerly girded the cornices of the temple. On it we have the great procession of the Athenian people which took place every fourth year to present a new robe to their goddess. Here, again, such pieces as are not in the collection have been supplied by casts. We should not pass from this room without also noticing the beautiful column designed as a female figure, and known as a Caryatid or basket-bearer, which Lord Elgin obtained from the temple of the mythical Athenian king Erechtheus.

The contrast between the highly finished work which was executed at the great centre of Athens when at the height of its power and that which local Greek workmen could produce is illustrated by the sculptures which were obtained from Phigaleia in Arcadia. These formed the decorations of a small temple which was built in the year 430 B.C., and was designed by the architect of the Parthenon. The band of sculpture or frieze which runs along the walls of the Phigaleian Room is of a totally different description from the exquisite frieze of the Parthenon, and may almost with certainty be attributed to local sculptors. But, however imperfect such work may be, there is almost invariably a beauty in the productions of the Greeks which fascinates us and captivates the fancy. The Greek tombstones, again, which are sculptured with reliefs, generally representing simple domestic scenes, are often hasty and slight works, but they still possess the indescribable charm which seems to have been inherent in the touch of the Greek craftsman.

A beautiful little monument was discovered by Sir Charles Fellows at Xanthos in Lycia in 1841, erected probably about the year 370 B.C., and decorated with the sculptures which now fill a small room. It has been called the Nereid monument, from a series of statues of Nereids or sea-nymphs which were found among the ruins. The sculptures form a pleasing group, but in them we see a great advance in general treatment, far removed from the simplicity and noble dignity of the works of the age of Pheidias.

Next we pass into the Mausoleum Room, and see before us the sculptures found among the ruins of the great sepulchral monument which Artemisia, the mourning widow of Mausolus, Prince of Caria, erected to his memory after his death in the year 353 B.C. This monument, which was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, and which has lent its name to funerary buildings of both ancient and modern times, has yielded to us



JULIUS CÆSAR.

enough to indicate the great scale upon which it was constructed and the style of decoration with which it was sculptured. We have sufficient material to make a restoration of a section of the order of its architecture, a lofty column with its architrave, frieze, and cornice. We have also a large section of its principal frieze, representing combats of Greeks and Centaurs, executed with great spirit. But, above all, we have, fairly perfect, two colossal figures, sculptured in a broad and simple style, of



COLOSSAL STATUE OF MAUSOLUS.

Mausolus and his wife Artemisia, which stood erect in a four-horsed chariot placed on the towering summit of the building.

These, then, are the great remains of Greek sculpture which form so important a part of the department of Greek and Roman antiquities. Of those single statues and other pieces which, either Greek or of the class which is known as Græco-Roman—that is, copies made under the Roman Empire from famous originals by masters of the Greek schools, which are found in the sculpture

galleries of all important museums, and which generally constitute their principal exhibits, are to be seen in fair numbers in the British Museum, there are not a few famous examples. Nor is the series of Roman portrait-busts, the particular branch of sculpture in which the Roman artist excelled, an insignificant one. Even if all the rest comprised nothing of merit, the lifelike bust of Julius Cæsar alone would give the collection a reputation.

The numerous collections of smaller antiquities of this department cannot receive just treatment in a limited article such as this. Each one has a domain of its own, and each has its own course of artistic development, which must be studied in detail for a full appreciation of the lessons to be conveyed. If we follow the great series of Greek and Etruscan vases we see how, starting with primitive efforts, in the early ages, when the potter decorated his vessels with the simple outlines of fish or seaweeds, or elementary patterns of lines and curves, the genius of the Greek gradually produced those exquisite specimens which charm us by their graceful outline and by the beautiful paintings which adorn them; we mark the different stages of development, the painted black figure thrown into relief by the red ground of the vases, and then the more perfect condition of art when the red figure stands out from the black-painted background. The mention of the Etruscan vases reminds us that along with the history of Greek and Roman art we have to reckon with the antiquities of that ancient Italian race which is known to us as Etruscan—a people who borrowed their art from Greece, and who continued to follow their early Greek types in a somewhat mechanical fashion down to comparatively late times. We have examples of their work not only among the vases, but also in terra-cottas, and among the bronzes, jewellery, and the intaglios, in all of which departments they were skilful artists. The superiority, however, of purely Greek work always asserts itself; and in the collection of bronzes the best specimens are invariably Greek, whether we select from the statuettes, from the beautifully engraved mirror-cases, from the elegant little cups and vases, or from the larger examples, such as the colossal head of Aphrodite, the leg of a heroic figure of a warrior, or the beautiful winged head of the sleep-god Hypnos, all so well known as exquisite works in this material. Nor is there less enjoyment to be derived from the enchanting collection of terra-cottas, of which the Museum has a full share. The most attractive are, of course, those graceful statuettes which have been discovered in such large numbers at Tanagra in Bœotia that the title of "Tanagra figures" has become almost a generic name for all such objects, wherever found. Perhaps, apart from their claim to the artistic excellence which is so prominent in many of them, the fact that they chiefly illustrate incidents of ordinary life and daily occupations has its influence, and the charm which they inspire is due as much to human as to æsthetic sense.

The magnificent collection of ancient gold jewellery, now worthily displayed in a new room, if regarded from the archæologist's point of view,

is one of special interest. For in the earliest specimens we can trace very clearly the influence which the art of foreign races of the ancient world exercised upon the rising art of Greece, and, again, the hold which Greek art in its turn fastened on the mind of the Etruscan workman. It is natural that in mere decoration, a field in which there is considerable room for mechanical imitation, foreign ideas should be reproduced more exactly than in the higher arts, such as that of sculpture. Thus, in the earliest specimens of Greek jewellery, a wonderful set of gold ornaments, which dates back perhaps to the ninth century B.C., and which was

the most varied kind, beginning with the archaic efforts of the Greek islanders and culminating with exquisite specimens of the golden age of Hellenic art. These are naturally followed by the cameos of the Romans, who, again, in this field as in their sculpture, find their talent best bestowed on portraiture. A sort of link between the Greek intaglio and the Roman cameo exists in the famous Portland Vase, a glass vessel of a deep blue substance, on which a series of beautiful figures are cut from a superimposed layer of opaque white glass—the work of a Greek artist.



BRONZE COLOSSAL HEAD OF APHRODITE.

found in one of the Greek islands, the influence of Egyptian models is most striking; while in those which have been found in such islands as Rhodes and Crete the art of Assyria is to be traced just as clearly. Again, regarding the gold collection from the artistic side, we are astonished at the power of invention and the delicate touch which are manifest even in the specimens of most remote times, and which produced such marvels of workmanship as we see in the general series of Greek and Etruscan jewellery. Side by side with the productions of the jeweller's art are ranged those of the engraver, the great series of intaglios or engraved gems, as they are called, which, serving as seals, or being mere specimens of artistic workmanship, present us with hundreds of subjects of

COINS AND MEDALS.

From the engraved gems we naturally pass to the Department of Coins and Medals, the productions of a kindred art. This department now contains about a quarter of a million of specimens in all metals, comprising Greek, Roman, Oriental, Mediæval, and modern coins and medals. Beginning with the comparatively small series which formed part of the general collections of Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Hans Sloane, this great total has been amassed by addition after addition of famous cabinets, either accompanying other collections which have passed into possession of other departments of the Museum, such as those of Townley, Payne-Knight, Temple, and Blacas, and the royal collection of George III, or being independent numismatic cabinets, formed by such collectors as Edward Roberts, William Marsden, Count De Salis, Edwin Wigan, James Woodhouse, Sir Walter Elliot, and Sir Alexander Cunningham, all of them famous numismatists in their day. The Bank of England and the India Office have also been large contributors; and even a native of India, the Pandit Bhagwânâlâl Indrajî, left a large bequest in 1889.

But coins and medals are not large things, and in the galleries of a museum it is difficult to display with entire satisfaction series of objects which one should take in the hand for close scrutiny. Some such series, however, are exhibited, and well repay the trouble of examination. Their chief interest is, in the first place, historical, but almost of equal value are the lessons in art which they convey. When we remember that the earliest known Greek coin was struck in Lydia about seven hundred years before Christ, that, dating from that remote time, we have a continuous series of coins passing through the various stages of the development of Greek art, that almost every city and town of any pretensions had its own mint and struck its own coinage, and that, with that marvellous fertility which distinguished the Greek genius for art above all others, the production of different types and their varieties seems endless, we are not surprised that the coinage of no other country has ever approached that of ancient Hellas, at its best, in beauty of design and workmanship. Again, in the more modern art of the medallist, after seeing what the Italian masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries could do, and comparing with their work the meagre productions of our own

times, we are conscious that, however in advance we may be of our forefathers in the domain of science, we are very far behind them in artistic sentiment. This is not the first occasion in our history when a period of great mental activity has shown itself proportionately deficient in art production. But, as we have already said, the his-

torical interest must always take the first place in regard to coins and medals. A good series of the coinage and medals of any country will give us a very fair outline of its history, and, as is fitting in our national collection, the British series, to mention no other, is in every respect a very complete one.

AN AUTOMATIC SAVINGS BANK.

AN eminent writer on political economy says in one of his works, "I wish I could write in golden letters across the heavenly vault these two words—'Savings Bank.'" Having due regard to our æsthetic perceptions we certainly rejoice that the economist's project of a *réclame monstre* is not feasible, but we quite share the enthusiastic love for economy which dictates his words. It is, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction that we hear of an excellent and original invention which is destined to scatter broadcast among the poorer classes of Italy the golden seed of economy, a seed which will, it is to be hoped, blossom forth in the course of time into the bright flower of prosperity.

At the sixth Congress of Popular Banks held last October at Bologna, Signor Ernesto Artom, a young man who has the welfare of the people much at heart, spoke in moving terms of the miserable condition of the poorer working classes in Italy, stating it as his opinion that this misery was chiefly due to the fact that it was almost impossible for these unfortunate people to economise. The little sums they could afford to save out of their daily earnings were too small to be accepted by the savings bank, while if they waited to accumulate a sufficient amount to reach the minimum required for the regular deposit, temptation became at times too strong for the would-be economists, who, having the money near at hand, would throw it away on useless and often pernicious amusements. The experiment of small savings by means of postage-stamps has already been tried in various lands, and in Italy with such success that half a million was collected in this wise; but even this means of economy is fraught with teasing difficulties—the stamps must be bought, affixed to the post-office cards, and often a man or woman may have a penny to spare with no place to buy stamps within reach.

To circumvent this, Signor Artom has invented a very ingenious and very simple method of helping on small savings. He proposes that in every town and village, in all public buildings and railway stations, outside factories, and, above all, in the *lotto* offices, where the poor working man, attracted by a morbid and deceitful hope, throws

away every Saturday half of his week's earnings, there should be placed an automatic savings bank, to invite and promote economy. "Yes," says Signor Artom, "it is inside, absolutely inside the *lotto* offices that I would put my banks, and the State should encourage this. The State, that gains so much by these offices, should also help the poor to economise. It would gain also, though in another and nobler way, from these apparently petty economies." In short, Signor Artom's device is, "Every mickle makes a muckle." . . . "Every penny saved is towards good," is the motto he proposes to write on each of these banks.

In fact, we are dealing here with the familiar penny in the slot business, but for a different end. For this automatic bank is nothing but the usual cast-iron box or pillar on whose surface there are three slits; in the first the coin is introduced, namely, a ten-centime piece. If this coin is false, it is by a simple contrivance rejected by the machine and pushed out of the second slit; if it be good, a receipt for the amount comes out of the third opening at the bottom of the box. By means of this invention the labourer who can only spare a penny from his daily wages is enabled to place it at interest without taking the trouble of going to the savings bank, for even this loss of time is often to him a serious consideration, seeing that these banks are only open at stated hours, and those mostly hours when the poor are at work. Indeed, Signor Artom notes a curious fact, that while places where money can be squandered are open day and night, places where it can be saved are open only at restricted hours and hedged round with petty difficulties and delays. The men or women are thus happy in the knowledge that their little economies are slowly but surely increasing every day.

When the depositor has collected a sufficient number of receipts, they must be not less than five, he can exchange them for a *libretto* of the regular savings bank; an interest of four per cent. net is paid on deposits, and the depositors are entitled to a share in the profits which the bank derives from its operations. As the cost of the construction of these little automatic banks

does not exceed 135 francs, even the poorest municipality can afford to have one. And even this cost would be soon reduced.

Signor Artom, in a private letter, writes to a friend that he is constructing at his own expense a number of such boxes, which he can deliver to whoever desires them for the low sum of fifty francs, so cost should not, indeed, stand in the way of municipalities who are enlightened enough to wish to help their poor by these means.

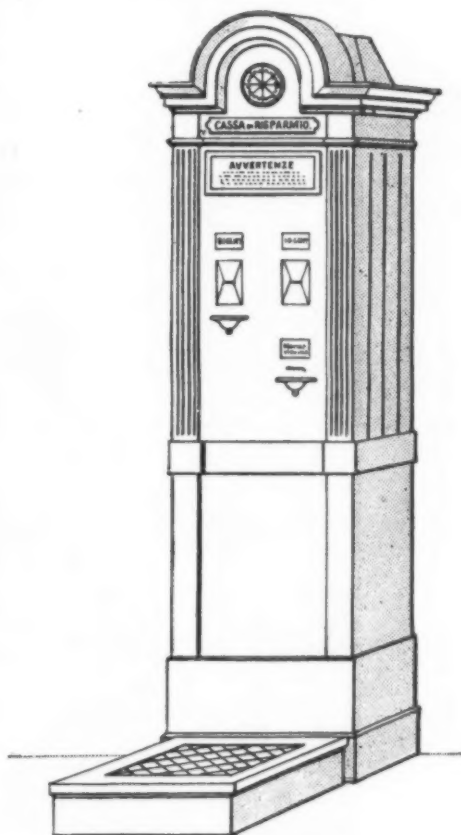
As usual, the north of Italy, the more educated and progressive section of the land, has at once come to the fore in this matter, and has instantly grasped its full importance as regards the general welfare. Padua led the way. Milan, always at the head of all Italian forward movements, followed suit. A great number of these machines are being placed at Milan, and there is every reason to hope that this excellent contrivance will soon become popular all over Italy. The practical experiment to which automatic savings banks were recently subjected in Padua could not have rendered more encouraging results. In a few months twelve thousand francs were deposited in three of these boxes, although 1895 was an unusually severe year for the population of northern Italy.

Strictly speaking, these penny banks are nothing but branch offices of the general savings bank, and are under its direct surveillance and dependence. But the invention must not be considered merely as a savings-bank extension movement, it is far more than that. It creates a system never hitherto adopted in Italy, and besides the practical advantage which will accrue from it to the poorer classes, it will also act as a powerful educational movement, teaching the poor that even in poverty they can, by means of work and economy, enjoy comparative prosperity, and encouraging them with the comforting conviction that when distress and calamity befall them, they may rely on something surer and better than the fatal loan of the professional money-lender.

As a powerful educational medium for the poorer classes it ought to receive the warmest praise, and the strongest support of the Italian Government, for it is not only destined to save money, but to save men. And if there are men in most urgent need of being saved from misery and discouragement, and the despair that comes from suffering and want, they are precisely the poorer classes of Italy. Happily the Government seems to have understood the excellence of Signor Artom's idea, both from a practical and theoretical point of view, and we hope soon to see the encouraging results obtained at Padua repeated all over the Italian peninsula. The municipalities of Siena, Messina, and Palermo have already sent large orders for the construction of automatic savings banks, so that we shall be able to know in a few months how Signor Artom's system works on a large scale, and whether the sanguine hopes of

success, which all philanthropists must share, will be fulfilled.

Nor is it only for Italy that this idea is of value. We are inclined to think it should be pondered all over Europe, and that even in our own land it would bear fruit. It is true that in England we have the penny banks, but these, too, are hedged round with restrictions as to time and place. The penny in the slot can be placed anywhere and everywhere, is available at any and every hour, can be put up in lonely hamlets and by wayside haunts; and since the receipts are good for presentation at any time for entering upon the



AUTOMATIC SAVINGS BANK.

books of the regular savings bank, even if some weeks elapse before the depositor finds himself near a place where there is such a bank, his interest runs on, for the receipt is automatically dated. The idea is certainly a happy one, and the extent to which it may be developed and enlarged seems to us almost boundless. It is men who have such happy inspirations who are the real philanthropists, the real helpers of the poor and outcast classes, whose work extends farther and is certainly more beneficent than that of theorising demagogues and the setters of class against class.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE DREAMS OF DANIA.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS," "MISS HONORIA," ETC.



THE LAND OF THE LEAL.

CHAPTER XXIII.—"GIVE THEM PLENTY OF CRUMBS THIS HARD WEATHER."

"DEED, then, your Reverence," said Bridget, as the Rector continued his poor inarticulate talk, "I'm so stupidly deaf this morning, that if you was to blow my head off with a cannon the first I'd hear of it would be in the papers. I'll bring a bit of a slate and pencil and we'll resume our discourses as handy as anything."

Therewith she left the room, and, offering no further explanation than that the master did not

seem quite so well as he had been, despatched Mary for the old doctor.

When, two minutes later, she re-entered the sick-room, she clasped her hands, with the slate in them, on her breast, uttering a cry of pain and fear.

The Rector, in his dressing-gown, stood before the toilet table, with a small looking-glass in his hand. Into that glass he was staring as a ghost might stare at the first reflection of its face.

But, even with that sad defeature—which the blurring stupidity of the glass had thrust upon him, in grimmest literality, without one preparatory

hint—returning his frightened gaze, the meaning of his nurse's deafness was not driven home.

For as Bridget stood, deadening pain with hard pressure of her hands, the Rector turned his marred face round to her view, and, looking at her with eyes that prayed for contradiction of their own report, tried to speak.

The tears ran down Bridget's cheeks; for all answer she could but say, as one says to a weeping child, "Never mind, Pa'son, dear; never mind," and hold out to him her stout arm.

The Rector took it gladly, for he was still very weak, and, with its aid, tottered back to bed.

He had lain there, with his hand sometimes merely covering and sometimes feeling the stricken side of his face, hardly more than ten minutes, when there entered the old doctor.

The sound of the wheels had been so muffled by the snow that Bridget had not heard the carriage come.

She had counted upon doing that, and upon a brief preparation of the doctor. Before she had had time even to make a sign the white-haired man with his fresh boy's cheeks was standing by the bed. Bridget put her hand across her eyes, as though to ward off a blow, for she felt sure that the doctor would let some exclamation of surprise escape him that would cut his patient to the heart. She had underestimated the old man's self-control. Even as his eyes rested upon the drawn face on the pillow, the poor Rector essayed some utterance, and so the fulness of the calamitous change reached the doctor instantaneously. And yet as it seemed to Bridget, deducing the fact from the voice, he never moved a muscle, but answered in his calmest tone: "Not in such a hurry—not in such a hurry. Let me sit down first and then we'll talk."

Bridget felt safer after that, and she gathered courage to watch the Rector's face, while within herself she prayed, over and over again, "Break it gently to him, Lord. Oh, gracious Lord, don't be hard on his Reverence!"

With a sad smile the Rector reached out his hand and took the doctor's. Then, looking up into the inscrutable face, he began again to utter his inarticulate sounds—telling, as was quite plain, how he had discovered the change in his appearance. Evidently he felt little or no mistrust of his powers of speech, being persuaded of the reality of Bridget's defect of hearing.

For quite a long time, only pausing now and again for a second to catch the doctor's nod of intelligence, the Rector continued his story.

At last he stopped and looked up, as asking for the scientific judgment upon the facts submitted.

"Gently, Lord, oh, very gently!" Bridget prayed. "Thou knowest, now, what trouble he has had to bear already."

The old doctor bit his nail and nodded his head. Then he took out his watch. "Let me see—let me see," he murmured, while he stared intently at the dial. That action was his characteristic expression of perplexity. At length he shut the watch with a click and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Ah, well," he said, "this is nothing to frighten

us. It did not take me by surprise at all; and now it is here, we must make the best of it. There are many things that we can try, and, with the help of God, we'll find benefit in some of them."

The Rector looked up with a brave smile. Then his lips moved again. From the look upon his face one would have believed that one was hearkening to the tongue of men and of angels. Babble of a year-old child—that was all that really came.

There was a little twitch about the doctor's mouth. Bridget knew that the truth was coming. She stepped forward and took the Rector's disengaged hand.

"Oh, gently, Lord!" she said, rubbing the back of the fine hand with her palm. "Himself would put a creeping autumn wasp safe outside the window. Don't lay Thy hand too heavy on his white head!"

"I think," said the doctor, "I took a bit of a cold; maybe, I'll have to wear an overcoat yet. Would you mind telling me that again?"

He turned his ear to the bed with his hollowed hand behind it.

Without a flicker of doubt upon his face, the Rector began his story over again.

Ba-ba-ba—oh! did ever baby prattle fall with such a sound of doom?

"I really beg your pardon," said the doctor, shaking his shining head, and once again smiling.

With singular patience the poor Rector repeated his tale. Then the doctor's hand closed upon the patient's long white fingers with a crunch.

"I have known cases," he began.

"Gently, Lord!" Bridget cried in her deep soul. "Oh, think what it is that Thou art taking from him! His sermons was his heart's red blood. Oh, Lord, if Thou hadst ever heard him preach, Thou wouldst be gentle!" she added quaintly but not irreverently.

"Cases where a little stroke"—the doctor's intonation was soft as velvet—"a little stroke like this has more or less affected"—the voice grew raspy; he had to clear his throat.

The Rector's eyes looked mild interrogation. "Yes," they seemed to say, "affected—?"

The doctor felt for his large yellow silk pocket-handkerchief.

"Well," he said, turning a little away to shake the handkerchief out, "the speech."

When the last hoarse monosyllable had fallen, like the blade of a razor wrapped in wool, there was a moment of vacuum, terminated by a gulp of the doctor's. Then he and Bridget each felt the hand that they held start and close with a convulsive clip. The Rector's face turned ghostly white, and then flushed till it seemed the pulsing of the veins could be heard. For two or three seconds there was dead silence—ah, but quick silence too!—then, with a look of piteous appeal in his eyes, the Rector moved his lips again. Very sadly, very tenderly, the old doctor shook his head. The Rector drew his hands away, and covered his face. There was a longer silence.

When at length the Rector let his hands go down, the two gazers could scarcely keep back a

cry of surprise. The face that now met their eyes was calm and bright—a face very good to see.

He made a signal with his fingers, and Bridget set before him pencil and slate.

Not without difficulty the Rector formed a few wavering words, stopping once for a second to bow his head. Having completed his writing, he handed the slate to the doctor; and the doctor read the words aloud:

"It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good."

About an hour after, when she was alone with her patient, Bridget, stooping over the bed, asked him a question:

"What was it, Pa'son, that gave you such strength all of a sudden?"

And the Rector wrote back:

"I felt the prayers about me, yours and blind Johnny's, and a great peace fell on my heart. I am quite happy now."

Bridget put the corner of her apron to her eyes.

Then she leaned over the bed again.

"Pa'son," she said, almost in a whisper, "the rats is all gone. They marched across the snow as long as a funeral, the wicked old veteran bringing up the rear. Pa'son avick, will I tell you about the little birds?"

He smiled and nodded. Then he breathed upon the slate and wrote:

"Give them plenty of crumbs this hard weather."

CHAPTER XXIV.—DANIA'S PUNISHMENT.

MANY times during the early days of the Rector's speechlessness Dania had stolen in to see him. Always during his sleep, for the patient, gentle and pitiful to every other creature, seemed still hardened against his daughter. It was not that he displayed towards her any active hostility; of that he was quite incapable. But never once did he ask for her; never, in his considerate thoughts of how his affliction would affect other people, did he refer to her as one on whom the blow would fall heavily. Many times—for between himself and Bridget a ready telepathy was beginning to spring up—he would write a name upon the slate, and she would understand that the Rector was saying, Oliver will feel this, or Gerard—constantly he recurred to Gerard's grief—or, it might be, some poor old invalid whom the pastoral readings and chat had cheered. But never did the name of Dania appear upon the slate. And when, as she did on every plausible occasion, Bridget ventured to draw the poor girl into the circuit of his sorrow, the Rector would sometimes turn away from the reference, sometimes would turn the reference away. Never did he fail to impress upon his observant nurse the completeness of his aversion from that affection which had so recently dominated his heart. And so, when the Rector's sleep was steady and assured, Bridget would noiselessly open the door, and into the hushed room would creep Dania—sad-eyed, wistful Dania—to gaze for a little while upon the dear, familiar form, so strange and awful now, as it lay clothed on with two dread silences; and thus, with-

out a word spoken, a kiss or a pressure given, would steal forth and weep upon her own pillow comfortless, heartbroken tears.

Tears had come to the poor girl, and they were good, little present relief though they brought. Something deeper than tears was yet to come with healing in its pain. Dania was very proud, and it was no facile schooling that could teach her the one needful lesson. It was out of the reddest central caverns of the fire that she must take back her heart.

Mr. Moriarty came very often now, and sat with his brother. Every day he would take the slate—for somehow he mistrusted the hearing of one who could not speak—and write, in letters so large and plain as to conquer, it seemed to him, a way through combined obtuseness of the senses, "It is all right. Don't you worry."

And the Rector would nod again and again, in token of his perfect acquiescence in that advice; but Mr. Moriarty was seldom entirely satisfied until the patient had written, as nearly as possible in print o' life, "You are very good. I know it is all right. I am quite happy now."

On the occasions of the later visits—the Rector being now seated by the fire, rugged and wrapped, and pillowed and screened, in a chair like a china closet—Mr. Moriarty would at his brother-in-law's request read out a chapter of the Bible.

Wonderful it was to see him, as with his glasses stuck on like a seaman clinging to the mast of a rolling wreck, and with his hair running up into such spires and spikes as suggested the hospitable preparations of infantry for receiving cavalry, he selected his passage with a view to edification.

Always with the air of one aiming at a degree nearer the North Pole than any yet ever had attained, he would turn over and over till he found himself leaving behind all landmarks and memorials. Having at last become involved, as it were, in the pack ice of the Minor Prophets, he would cast his anchor, and give out his selection with the quiet resolution of a brave man who knew the peril that lay before him and did not pretend to hold it cheap. And the dogged courage with which he forced or finessed his passage through imminent proper names closing in upon him and threatening to crack him, stem to stern, like a nut, was as fine as anything in arctic annals.

It was noticeable that he appeared always to derive a solemn and peculiar consolation from the names of unfamiliar tribes and places. On the other hand, certain homely names never appeared without receiving a kindly and almost affectionate recognition. Moab in particular was a dear old friend. The Rector knew several lines in advance, from a sudden brisking up in the reader's tones, that Moab had been sighted. Having come to the full stop Mr. Moriarty would pause for a little while, as one entertaining pleasant memories. "Moab is my washpot," he would say, lingeringly, and then would set his face Northward Ho! again.

"There," he would say, closing the book, "I reckon we're the first that ever got into Malachi. Well, there's our place all fair and square"—he had

by this time adopted the expedient of using a marker—"and nothing skulked as far as I know. Shouldn't wonder now, pushing on like this day after day, if in the long run we wouldn't come out clean on the other side of Malachi."

The dear Rector smiled. He believed that to labour is to praise—rather is that than to pray—and he hoped that among the praises of tone and key so diverse that rise to Heaven accepted by the divine gentleness and pity, those quaint and toilsome voyagings might not lack their smile of welcome.

By this time the daily visits of the old doctor were discontinued, and—though beside the Rector's chair he never once appeared the worse for liquor—the sobriety which he had adopted for a temporary urgency had been quite discarded. For all ordinary occasions he was once again the irascible old toper. But, though many complained, nobody thought for a moment of seeking medical aid elsewhere.

By this time, too, Mr. Moriarty had formally—if any proceedings of his can properly be called formal—announced to Dania that she was to be his heir.

"And that means potatoes, and now and again butter with them," he remarked, on the occasion of the revelation. "I reckon that the man who bought you—taking no account of your graces, virtue, and accomplishments—for a million and a half of dollars wouldn't be doing a bad stroke of business."

On the evening of that announcement Dania wrote a long letter to Standish informing him of her golden future, and also of the fact that at that moment there was standing to her credit in the Bank of Ireland, at Roscrea, the sum of £500.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE RECTOR GIVES HIS BLESSING TO SOME OLD FRIENDS.

THE following day was Sunday, and on that day a sad little ceremony took place. It was the "Reading himself in" of the new Rector. Up to that time the parish had been temporarily served by the Diocesan Curate; and the Bishop and the Diocesan Council would gladly have extended indefinitely the period of such service. But when he once realised the probability of his being permanently laid aside, nothing could persuade the Rector to delay his resignation.

And so, when at one o'clock that January day, the congregation began to disperse, the poor pastor knew that his little fold had passed under the dominion of another rod and staff.

His chair had been wheeled up to the window, and he looked out with misty eyes as the congregation slowly filled the road, and began to dally in the recesses of the ancient bridge, or to drive away in carts and cars and old-fashioned carriages. It was hardly, perhaps, a cheerful breaking up, but the sadness was not so marked as to impress itself strongly upon the gazer's mind.

"Ah! they don't miss me," he thought.

"The gap I shall leave will be just the hole in the water made by the drowning man. 'The king is dead'—dead for all practical purposes—'long live our gracious lord the king!' And yet I loved them, God knows I loved them, and I thought they cared a little bit for me."

At that moment the new Rector—a well-nourished young man with a smile that seemed to say, "I *am* winning; yes, I own I am winning:" a smile that, administered to a woman, had to be very nicely measured out, lest it should kindle hopes in her breast—beautiful misleading hopes:—that spotless young divine went on his way, breaking himself gently to those whom he passed.

He round the bend of the road delicately disappeared, and then came Peter the dummy, holding open the vestry door till blind Johnny should pass through. Johnny's exit accomplished, Peter took out his pocket-handkerchief—a large red one with yellow spots. Blind Johnny took out his—a large yellow one with red spots. They were—those handkerchiefs—æsthetic wantonnesses, the culminating expression of Sabbatic refinement and *far niente*—refolded every Sunday night, ironed every now and then, once in a year, perhaps, re-washed, but never . . . not things of vulgar needs. But to base uses that day they came. Holding each his handkerchief to his face, Peter and Johnny went on their way, with bowed heads and uncertain steps, as men whose hearts are heavy and sore. At the end of every ten yards or so the pair would unclasp arms, and stretch out their hands for the grip of bitter fellowship, and then on again, half buried in the damp glory, yellow or red.

And now the Rector became aware that among those who dallied on the bridge were many who held their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and that some who possessed no better means of clearing misty grief than an old cuff had that in fitful use.

After a little time, attracted by a sound below, the Rector looked down upon the gravelled walk under his window. There—how come together he could not divine—was quite an assembly of very poor people: barefooted women, with wistful faces, old before their time, looking through their sodden shawls; and men, in rags of that elemental greenish-brown to which long use subdues all tints and textures.

In any other country these broken, ragged, half-starved creatures would have been absolute pariahs. Here they had their position, their self-respect, their pleasant amenities. A very old man, half blind with the turf smoke, and smitten with a jerking palsy, had greeted a white-haired grandmother, who came creeping on her staff barefooted, bent and lame, but with a tinge of fresh colour still upon her seamed old cheeks.

"'Deed, then, Mr. Gilligan," the old woman said, acknowledging his good morrow, "you're in great youth this morning." "Then, Mrs. Tubridy," the old man answered, "'twas just a warm sparkle from your eyes, ma'am, that made me think we'd see the days lengthening soon."

In all the tattered company there was only one man—a stout old fellow of fourscore—who was habited in the traditional Irish costume: beaver

hat, dress coat of homespun frieze, knee-breeches, and grey stockings. There were several who, clad more or less completely in outworn garments of the Rector's, including even the wide-brimmed hat with its rosette, seemed the embodiments of clerical distress. Observing this costume, the Rector could not but smile. He remembered how one night two pensioners of his, thus canonically attired, had gone rolling and roaring homeward through the darkening streets of Roscrea, awakening scandalous echoes.

In that forlorn gathering were several little children. As the Rector looked down, these were held up in older arms, turning to him faces that shone like a thin glint of sun upon sodden leaves.

Then a woman began to keen—crying as one that mourns her dead. Her, many of the other women followed, and there was a wailing, elemental as of the wind and the forest, only with a sore human pain—bereaven, empty—aching at the heart of it.

But the Rector lifted his hand, and the crying was hushed, one after another the poor folk bent their knees and dropped on to the wet ground.

There with bowed heads they kneeled, Roman Catholics and Protestants all of one heart in this, waiting for his blessing.

So he blessed them, and they arose.

"That heaven may be your Reverence's bed," cried that old man Gilligan, ere he turned to go, rolling upwards his dim eyes and lifting his arms with a sudden movement, passionate and almost prophetic, "for your faith was charity, and your sermon was your smile, and your parish was the poor."

"God speed your Reverence," said the fresh-faced old woman. "A man like yourself in every village, and there'd be no two roads to Heaven."

Therewith she began to hobble down the avenue, and, often looking back to wave a hat or to invoke a benediction, the forlorn crowd followed her, a little comforted, and slowly trailed away.

And the Rector kept his place with the tears running down his cheeks, happy, wondering, half-afraid, like a man scarce wakened from a wonderful dream. But the poor folk had not gone far before they were overtaken by Mary and Rectory Bridget and brought back—every blue cheek and pinched nose of them—to bread and butter and coffee.

This, of course, was an anti-climax; but what a comfortable thing, on a day like that, a hot anti-climax is!

CHAPTER XXVI.—STANDISH IS RESIGNED.

ON Monday morning, Dania received Standish's reply to her letter communicating the surprising change in her fortunes. This is how it went:

"Your letter, my Dreamer of crystal dreams, hurt me very sore, and oh! as I write it lies heavy, heavy on my heart. How leaden is this gold that they have hung about your white neck—the fates that know not pity, the calm-eyed maiden dooms!

"Ah, my love, my love, they will strangle you with that chain of execrated gold!

"Dania, you will come to me, no more the singing girl with dew for diamonds in her hair, the enchanted rustic lass whose heart-strings are a lute; not my bright dreamer, in her plain gown and her sumptuous thoughts: but a great lady—yes—*absit omen!*—an heiress. Oh, my dear, don't you, don't you remember Leigh Hunt's deadly truth?—

"Have you seen an heiress
In her jewels mounted,
Till her wealth and she seem'd one,
And she might be counted?"

"Oh, heavy, heavy it lies, this golden news, a dull, dead ache, a very leaden woe!

"(Strange, most strange, this doting on the decking of a phrase that masters us men of the pen.

"Mark how I must e'en fondle the phrase that tells of the drip, drip of my heart's red drops!")

"Oh, Dania, Dania, I too have had my dreams—homely cottage-garden dreams: dreams of working for you, anyhow, anywhere, with pen, with voice, with sword, with labourer's hod. Only I longed—dearly, dearly I longed—that mine should be the gathering of moss and straw and lichen twigs to fashion our little nest.

"Sweetest Dania, dearest dreamer, for your radiant sake I will not repine. My darling, I will be brave! Come to me in vair and purple dyes or come in cotton print of Manchester, only come, my loving Dania, and only, only come soonest soon.

"One who envies this paper that it will kiss thy white hand: lady, thy poor STANDISH, who, having said that he loves thee, hath told all his story."

For many weeks that letter was the comfort of Dania's sad heart. Its affectation she recognised, but that involved, in her view, no impeachment of its sincerity. The affectation even of itself was a good thing in the eyes of Dania—a sort of witness of dissatisfaction, quest, revolt, which seemed to her the natural, even the inevitable pose, of taste and spirit in the creative artist.

She was aware of affectation in herself, and its effect upon her page was just the effect which extorted her most heart-whole admiration.

She put that letter, not into her bosom—that receptacle in old novels, and in some new ones, of all souvenirs under the dimensions of a barrel of oysters—but into her handkerchief drawer. It was lavender to make everything about it sweet.

Ah, Standish, simple heart, without guile or self-seeking—with only that proud seeking, bred in the bone of all great souls, to do worthy work—how your brave right words have brought the rose of morning to this poor dark heart! She can lean out of her window now and hear the thrushes begin, and see the world growing with light.

Ah me! those letters that girls kiss! Those photographs into whose eyes they gaze, down to the very soul—the clear and gracious soul!

If they only knew! ah, if they only knew!

CHAPTER XXVII.—DANIA MAKES A PIE.

TO that "Let it be soon" of Standish's, Dania could reply only with rebuke. How could she think of orange-flowers with the shadow of the yew only just withdrawn from over her home? He must be content to wait—ah! ever so long.

And yet I think that the girl's thoughts and actions began to move in a narrowing circle about that Day. I fancy that frocks, whose doom was upon them, began to be consistently worn out and linen began to grow into sets; and whenever a new thing was bought it had to fit itself into the exigencies of a scheme.

At length there came a time when Standish's pleadings began to be received with a sort of humouring tolerance, or to be put very gently aside. About that time Dania purchased a delightful travelling-bag and a most permanent and thorough-going trunk—an article pertaining quite to the Grand Trunk line—with a cover that made it impervious to storm and earthquake, and almost to porters. The shopman suggested that her initials in red, "D. F.," would be an ornament and a protection to that stately trunk. Dania declined the suggestion with a blush.

During all this time nothing had been seen or heard of Gerard. He had gone, the rumour ran at first, for a long holiday. Then it began to be said that it was very doubtful if he would return at all. And in fine, on that very day when Dania, as far as travelling apparatus was concerned, decided not to be a woman of letters, she found herself, on her return journey from Roscrea, the carriage companion of a large moustache, with a small young man attached to it—very much attached to it, if stroking argue affection. This proved to be the new agent.

It seemed not improbable that the moustache, if encouraged, would have taken over Dania with the other engagements of his predecessor. But, needless to say, it was not encouraged.

By this time the dear Rector was almost out of his wraps and folds. Every now and again, when the day was particularly fair—it was early February, and very pleasant days do come about then—he was even carried downstairs and took a little airing in a wheel chair. The charming Rectory, on every foot of whose ground and every inch of its boarding were impressed his individuality, was not to be allotted to the stalled calf, his successor. As long as he lived the Canon was to be at home in the only spot on earth where he ever could be at home. The youth of the too-victorious smile—that smile which, though most carefully tempered, had already, it appeared from his own resigned admissions, caused complication and even conflict—cherished on the head of that continuance a gentle grievance. But that could not be helped, and the youth certainly lacked not nourishment. Of him, one more word here, and then silence for ever.

"Dogma, Miss Fitzmaurice," he remarked to Dania on the occasion of his first pastoral visit—"the parish is deficient in dogma. Wherever I go I make it my business to instil dogma."

"From what I hear," said Dania, righteously rude, "it is likely to prove cat-and-dogma."

So Dania—in spite of that little bird singing at her heart, the girl was often sad, and always shadowed by that estrangement—looked out, half hidden behind the window creepers, never daring to obtrude upon her father the face that once had been his brightest sunshine.

Well, one day—the last of February—Dania was sitting at her piano, while the Rector was being wheeled among his wintry shrubs. She was merely practising, the formal minimum of the skilful hand. Suddenly, without thought, moved by some suggestion of her loneliness, she began to sing that most plaintive of all human strains, that sighing of the wind among the pines, that voice of all sad things, too wide to be merely human, "The Land of the Leal." Softly the song began, but ever its pain widened and deepened, until in the final stanza, in the last line, where the heart of the music swells almost to breaking, Dania let her voice go out—her bright rich contralto voice—in a wail of lonely longing.

Suddenly she heard the voice of Bridget, calling to her sharply and insistently. She rose and ran to the window. There in his wheel-chair sat the Rector. His eyes were brimmed; his cheeks were wet with tears. As Dania's face came to the window, he stretched out his arms and called to her. The sounds were only a pitiful prattle, but the gesture was clear enough and eloquent enough. "Come," it said, "come to your old father's heart." And, through the hall, down the stone steps, round the bend of the window, with her arms before her breast and her soul before her arms, back to his heart, deep, deep, she came.

What simple words they are that come to profoundest feeling!

"My own dear old daddy!" Dania said. "Shall I be your little wench again?"

"Yes, yes; my sweet little wench; my good, kind little wench!"

That, Dania felt assured, was what her father was saying. She smiled back so richly when he tried to speak that in his eyes there glimmered a faint dawn of hope. Perhaps his little Dania might find the meaning of those words of his, inscrutable, it seemed, to others. Alas, when he lifted up his gaze again and, speaking, watched for the intelligence that should brighten in her face, she could only answer him with a sad shake of the head! So, once again, that never-extinguished hope died down.

Ah, if the Rector could have spoken! Never perhaps—or never but once before—had he felt his deprivation so sorely.

Next day there was a very happy reunion.

The Rector, beautifully groomed, with a camellia in his buttonhole—yet not without a sweet disorder in his dress, in that Bridget, with that fine mastery of masculine modes which women so often display, had reversed the front of his collar—was carried down to early dinner.

On the table was—well, we know what it always is—a leg of mutton, but with it there were young broccoli, and there was currant jelly.

Madam, looking the very picture of prosperous benignity, was there in Oxford blue. Chutney, blinking with an innocent frankness, suggesting that the eighth was his favourite Commandment, was there in maize. And on the Rector's left hand, comporting himself with a gracious dignity that would have moved a less unimpressible heart than Mary's to lay for him his proper plate and his peculiar knife and fork, was the amiable and accomplished black Tom. All the cats were adjusted to a hair and reflected infinite credit on Mary's eye.

It was with Dania, however, that the honour of the training of Thomas rested, wholly and solely.

"I've been instructing him for weeks, pappy," she said. "I cannot say that he was apt to be taught. Indeed, he was a particularly bad subject. He flew up walls and went off like crackers, and made himself all bristle and electric sparks. I persevered, however, and there he is: a model cat, quite competent to write a book on the manners and tone of good society."

The Rector smiled, and rubbed the back of Thomas's head; and Thomas, sensitively anxious to do the right thing, instantaneously began to sing like a kettle.

When the mutton was removed there appeared an apple-pie, and a jelly. The Rector was helped to apple-pie. He ate all the paste—which was not his invariable practice—and sent up his plate for a second helping.

Dania blushed with pleasure.

"Daddy," she said, "you don't know who made that pie. It was— Oh, please excuse my manners! I have not the self-command of Thomas;" and she jumped from her chair and ran round to her father. "Who do you think made that beautiful crust—that can hardly keep itself from falling away like snowflakes? It was me!" she flung her arms round his neck. "Daddy, it was your clever, clever daughter."

Laughingly though she spoke, the Rector felt her tears dropping fast, for that simple offering meant a good deal. It was, so to speak, an acted parable: Dania the dreamer accepted the yoke of domestic duty. Pegasus was put into pound: her dreams were put into a pie.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—"SHADOWS."

IT was the day after the apple-pie that there came for Dania by the morning post a book. The handwriting of the address was not one that she knew; whether the volume was a present from an admirer or an offering from some friend or other she could not determine. It was quite a small book, and it was called "Shadows."

The name of its author was not familiar and certainly not inviting. It was Brown—William Henry Brown—the double-barrelled ugliness of the Christian name offering, it seemed to Dania, a quite gratuitous repulsion. But the book itself was full of invitation. The paper was a pleasure, the print a delight, the arrangement of the page a delicate flattery of all the subtler senses, while the cover was not a mere decorative fancy, but a striking realisation of the title. It represented in a few strong lines the world rolling through

darkness into light, and one received it instinctively as a parable of the spirit.

And, on opening the "Irish Times," Dania found that the little book was evidently attracting much attention. Not only did the paper itself contain a long and a very enthusiastic review of "Shadows," but in the publishers' column was an advertisement of it, with extracts from notices of the press, which implied a very notable flutter in the literary world.

Glancing down a page here and there, Dania knew at once, as a woman does know, that it was a book after her own heart. There was not time then for that full abandonment that a worthy book exacts from the elect; she would wait for a footstool, for a chair that fitted like a glove, for the lamp and the curtain; for the goodly clumps of shade and the dance of the blaze and the purring of the cheery soul of the fire. Then with a paper-knife worthy of such office—a bit of historic oak, its handle carved with apples of the Tree of Knowledge, its blade of old white silver—lingering luxuriously over every freshly opened page: once in a while—with eyelids closed, and a finger shut deliciously between the leaves—lying back in her chair to scent her spirit's robes in the ambient bouquet, the rains and mists and rich suns in which a noble nature had matured—slowly, slowly she would cut into the book's seeded, melting heart.

They did not, in that simple household, dress for dinner, but Dania always dressed—herself and the occasion—for a good book. "Plain collar and cuffs for Wordsworth," she would say, "old lace for Austin Dobson, mignonette for Leigh Hunt, and a crimson rose for Keats." Poor child! she needed all the pleasure that books could give her, for her amusements were very few, and in her heart there was an empty, dully aching place.

Well! What did William Henry Brown exact? "A plain black dress," she thought, "gold bracelets, and a sprig of rosemary."

But that was for night. Now, ah! now first Dania must talk with Rectory Bridget, and, after that, roll up her sleeves to another pie: stay; was it a pie? No, it was lemon cheese-cakes.

When the evening came Dania had her mellow hour. The book was as good in taste as in fore-taste. It was not, indeed, as a piece of literary work of any very notable mastery. Standish Verschoyle, likely enough, if he had cared to do his honest best, could have turned out better artistry. But it was a book in which a heart beat audibly. It was tremendously in earnest, it was transparently sincere. Here was a man who in love, ambition, health or purse, had been hit very hard. (It was in love, needless to say, that Dania decided the unkindly rub had come.) So heavy had been the shock that his faith had been shaken, his clutch on every truth loosened and almost torn away. Hanging over the black void, clinging to crumbling sand, loose stones, and yielding grasses, slipping down, down, he and his unsustaining stays, his anguish went out in a stare, a moan, a thin throttled cry, and, even as his hold broke, and he felt the dreadful emptiness beneath him, behold his hands flung themselves out and caught—something that did not give.

In a very few pages—not quite a hundred and fifty in all—a long spiritual conflict found singularly vivid expression. Every reader of that book—every worthy reader at least—went down into the valley of death and came forth again on the summit of the hill of life, standing in clear keen air, under the brightness and the wonder of the stars. To Dania it was a revelation. Almost it might be said to have determined the watershed of her soul.

Every evening thenceforth, Bridget often sitting somewhere near, Dania read out to her father a chapter of "Shadows." Never more than one chapter at a sitting. It was not a book to be devoured at a mouthful.

Though only very partially had been its experiences his own, it appealed to the Rector's deepest sympathies; and its thoughts, and even its phrases, fell upon him with a strange homeliness. It seemed to him that he was communing with a kindly and a familiar spirit, and he looked forward to that reading time as to the best and richest hour of his day. So much Dania had gathered from the Rector's face. It needed, however, his explicit confession on the slate to tell her that very soon whole passages had printed themselves on his memory, and often when he lay sleepless he would repeat them to himself, to his great comfort.

Even if it had had no special message for her own heart, as the outward and visible sign of the reunion of herself and her father, the little book would have been placed by Dania among her chiefest friends and benefactors.

CHAPTER XXIX.—"TRY TO WRITE SOMETHING LIKE THAT."

ONE day, when she was putting the volume away, the Rector asked for his slate. Having written upon it, he handed it back to Dania, and these were the words that she read:

"Try to write something like that."

The girl had grown very gentle and biddable now.

"Would you really like me to try?" she said.

The Rector nodded twice very emphatically.

Thus impelled—though she had regarded her long break with her old pursuit as final—on the morrow, having carefully discharged her material duties to the house, Dania sat down at her old table, and began to think. That day she achieved no single line of writing, and the next day produced only a few briefest memoranda. On the third day, however, her pen began to move, and thenceforth every morning for a couple of hours she wrote, not with the old glad mastery, not with any self-approval, not with even any attempt at beautiful work, but conscientiously, with steady effort. Her thoughts shaped themselves slowly now; it seemed to her that sorrow had killed her budding power from the root. Still she struggled on, aiming at no other artistry than perfect simplicity and perfect sincerity. Strangely enough, it seemed to her, the words of Gerard, in that far-off time, were influencing her method and her purpose. To get *herself* upon the page; to look in her heart and write—that was all her effort.

At last the thing was done: a little homely tale grouping its incidents roughly round the central idea of "Shadows," not in form an allegory, but bearing, as every typical truth must ever bear, a certain heart of parabolic significance.

At night she read the story to her father, and was lifted a little out of her despondency by his approving smile. But when, her own manuscript put by, the girl took up "Shadows," her brief satisfaction sank into miserable self-depreciation. How young, how weak; in spite of all her honest effort at sincerity, how artificial, seemed her poor little attempt beside that firm simplicity! Yet in the presence of that discouragement a resolution shaped itself in her mind. She would send her story, not to Standish—she felt no impulse whatever towards soliciting his criticism—but to the author of "Shadows." Somehow, in her present attitude of mind, it seemed to her that no other opinion than that of the stranger who had drawn her father's heart and hers together after their long severance could stamp her work with an authoritative sanction.

And so, next day—with a simple, not too apologetic, letter—to William Henry Brown, at the address of his publishers, her little packet went.

In about a fortnight there came a reply—the delay being due to no procrastination on the part of the author, but to the rigorous etiquette which prescribes that a letter sent to the "care" of publishers shall be ignored, put by, and lost, and shall finally reach the person for whom it is meant only by the mistake of a clerk new to the employment.

The reply lost a good deal of its individuality on account of its being type-written. Most certainly, at the same time, it was not a letter that had been dictated—through a phonograph or otherwise. It bore the writer's mark though it was not in his hand. It was a careful, deliberate letter, which had cost much more time to think than to put on paper. But here the letter is:

"London: March 3, 1890.

"Dear Madam,—It has never been my ambition to be popular. Indeed, the sudden success which has overtaken my little book has seriously alarmed me, since it makes me afraid that it is marred by some insincerity such as it was my chief anxiety to avoid. The knowledge that my book has been a help in sickness to one such man as your father must be [the words *must be* were inserted above the line] is a source of deep gratification and of deep gratitude, and will console me for all the blame and for some of the praise that my book has received.

"Now about your own story. Though, as I am well aware, it is the work of one who has already won print and praise, and who, having a public verdict in her favour, had no need to submit her writings to private judgment, it strikes me (to speak in perfect candour) as being young work—timid, tentative, weak. But it has none of the vices which are admired. It is not smart, nor 'precious,' nor 'large,' nor of that laborious simplicity which smells of wet towels and cold tea. It has none of that brilliancy which dulness achieves by patient rubbing of its poor brain. And, negative though

these merits be, they yet are more than half the battle. The tale impresses me as the production of one who has been convinced of literary sin, and who is beginning over again, hating the old methods, and hardly knowing where to grope after new. If this really be the case, I think one may look very hopefully to the future. The literary past like the spiritual past is not easily unlearned or un-lived. I am, dear madam, with sincere interest and sympathy,

"Very faithfully yours,
"WILLIAM HENRY BROWN."

To say that Dania's vanity did not suffer a twinge from that estimate of her work would be making her more than mortal—at least more than youthfully and femininely mortal. For some hours she had a very poor opinion of the judgment—and of the manners—of the author of "Shadows." But reflection justified him. It was a kind letter, for flattery always makes a friend and candour generally makes an enemy. No, she ought to bear no grudge, but rather hearty good-will towards Mr. Brown. Certainly the man knew what he was talking about. His guess was singularly penetrating. And he encouraged her to go on. Yes, and her father wished her to go on. She would. She would try again. But, "Ah me!" thought Dania, "this is hardly what my fancy painted. What has become of 'Lights of Literature, No. 3'?" She smiled almost as a grandmother might smile, thinking of herself at sweet sixteen. Those days of her dreams seemed very far away.

Very shortly after Dania's receipt of that letter Standish Verschoyle received an invitation to run down and stay with Mr. Moriarty. That visit originally planned had never been paid, because the young man's precipitate advance upon Kildargle had disarranged matters, and the Rector's illness had put a renewal of the invitation out of Mr. Moriarty's head.

It was rather a curious thing, perhaps, but up to that moment the old gentleman had never heard a syllable about Dania's engagement. Consequently, when Standish had accepted, Mr. Moriarty descended upon Dania with archness in his eye: "Had she," he asked, "a vacancy for a follower?"

Dania thought not.

"Well," he said, "perhaps you'd like to know what lines we're showing in young men before you commit yourself. So pin on the pink ribbon against Friday, and we'll put Mr. Verschoyle through his paces."

"Verschoyle," said Dania; "why, you don't mean Standish Verschoyle?"

"Yes, I do, though," said Moriarty; "your editor and admirer."

Dania blushed and laughed.

"Then, uncle," she said, "your kind offer is a little late in the field. Mr. Verschoyle is already engaged."

"You don't say so," said Moriarty. "Who to? I mean—to whom?"

Dania dropped a curtsey.

"To me, uncle."

Don't blame the poor child's levity. The

saddest maid must sometimes be a little gay. Besides, was she not Irish—with a heart fed on perennial April-gleams and glooms that come and pass like shadows on wind-blown oats—never farther than a wink from either smiles or tears.

Irish Nature makes Irish natures.

Moriarty was much taken aback at that intelligence. He asked how long the engagement had been in force, and many other questions shrewd and almost suspicious. While, after the manner of old gentlemen, he was exceedingly ready to chaff about love, in his heart he evidently regarded an engagement—at any rate his niece's—as a very serious matter.

"You see," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you can't keep wasps off cherry-pie, and young fellows are mighty quick to smell out dollars. Not that I've a word against Mr. Verschoyle, quite the contrary, only——"

"Uncle," Dania broke in, "you may acquit him of any thought about money. When he heard—long after the engagement—that I was an—well, uncle—about your kindness—he was terribly taken aback."

"Ah, was he?" said Mr. Moriarty.

"He wanted us to begin poor and struggle on together."

"Oh, did he?" said Mr. Moriarty.

"It was nice of him," said Dania, "wasn't it, uncle?"

"Lovely," said Mr. Moriarty; "just a hair love-liever and it would make me cry. How long d'ye say you've been engaged?"

Dania furnished him with the date, and the old gentleman made a note of it in his pocket-book. Then, promising to bring Standish over on Friday, he took his leave.

CHAPTER XXX.—MR. MORIARTY IN A DIFFICULTY, AND OUT OF IT.

ON Friday, true to his word, Mr. Moriarty presented his young friend. When the first civilities—and perhaps something a little warmer than civility—had been performed, the old gentleman turned round rather sharply upon Standish. "Look here," he said; "you are a close fellow! Why didn't you tell my niece how you'd shown me around and helped me to a house in this neighbourhood?"

"Why?" said Standish. "Well, I own my reason is a poor one, yet it will serve a man at need. Because, sir, I did not make your acquaintance till after I'd got back from here, and because when you spoke I thought it was in confidence."

Dania smiled. "Either is a pretty good reason—eh, uncle?"

"Yes," said Moriarty, "but both are bad chronology. On October 16," he said, turning again to Standish, "you dined with me at the Shelbourne. On the 17th you ran down here, and on November 15 you gave my niece that ring."

"Quite right," said Standish, "about the running-down and the ring; quite wrong about the dinner. It is hardly likely I should make a mis-

take. We had a new sauce with those red mullet, and it was my first pheasant of the season."

"Oh men, men," said Dania, "what greedy wretches they are! Really Hood's 'Epicurean Sentimentalist' is hardly exaggerated. You remember how he speaks of his wife :

"And the last feeble spark of existence went out
As the oysters were just coming in."

Standish laughed.

"But look here," he went on. "I too keep a diary—it is my one extravagance. Here you are, sir—no—well, never mind ; read if you like."

Moriarty took the book and read : "'O.M. from Chicago. Dear old boy.'"

"Irreverent, I fear," said Standish ; "but what can folks expect if they surprise our artless self-communings ?"

"You see—here again," he pointed to a place a few lines lower on the page, and Moriarty read, "'Shelbourne with O.M. Like the old cock. Red mullet, Steinbach, Sillery. Pheasant better for keeping another day.'"

"Oh," cried Dania, "I couldn't have believed that !"

"What if," Moriarty went on, reading out from the diary—"what if my Dania prove an heiress ?"

"Is that down ?" asked Dania. "Standish, why did you never say anything to me if you had that thought ?"

"I never knew," said Standish, "that that thought was recorded here. Indeed I never knew that I had had such a thought. It must have been a mere flash across my mind, for when the news of your riches came it took me utterly by surprise. However," he added, looking up with a frank smile, "it shows the simplicity of my heart—and of my diary."

"I can't make anything out of this," said Moriarty. "Why, man alive, if you're right I must have been walking on my head for a week. Don't you see everything would—?—ah, but no matter—yes, when I come to think of it—yes—" He stopped short with a meditative finger ploughing the furrows above his nose. Suddenly his hand came down with a clap upon his thigh. "Of course," he said ; "right you are. What a dunder-headed old muff I am ! Shake hands, Verschoyle."

Standish accepted the hand airily.

"No doubt," he said, "there is some question of importance depending on these dates—possibly the age of a lady—but I confess that, like Keats, darling I listen."

Mr. Moriarty waved his hand deprecatingly and the subject dropped.

A little later the old gentleman went to sit awhile with his brother-in-law, in the study—for so far back to old ways had the Rector now returned. Standish improved that shining hour. When he left the house he had Dania's promise that the Day should be that day month.

As soon as he reached home Mr. Moriarty consulted a diary wherein he was wont to record almost every salient incident of his life. Apparently the result of that investigation was hardly

satisfactory. The old fellow filled his pipe, jamming the tobacco down with a vicious prod and striking the match with the crack of a slave-driver's whip. Then, with his hands in his pockets—whence he withdrew them only once in a way to sweep, as it were, a distracted chord upon the wires of his hair—and with his left eye gradually screwed up almost to the point of extinction—he paced his room, up and down, up and down, the very picture of harassment, no-thoroughfare, and defeat.

In the course of Moriarty's long pondering John, the footman, brought him a little private tray with tea and hot toast. The old gentleman shook his pipe into the cup by way of sweetening it, and drank it off without noticing anything amiss.

At length light seemed to break in upon him. With a finger pressing down the valve of either ear he stopped short midway in one of his turns. Two or three seconds he stood thus, while his hidden eye came out of its burrow, and the corners of his mouth went down. "Ah !" he said, releasing his imprisoned hearing like a discharge of musketry, and snapping two fingers above his head—"Ah !"

Then he sat down and wrote, and as he wrote, he chuckled to himself with a dry crackle. Having written and sealed two or three letters, he rang the bell.

"John," he said severely, "where's my pipe ? I've been looking everywhere for it, and it is not to be found."

"Try would it be in your honour's mouth ?" said John.

"Nonsense !" said Mr. Moriarty ; "dear me ! who could have put it there ?"

"Them maids is very careless entirely," said John.

Mr. Moriarty smiled. "Get these letters registered, John," he said, "and put a twopenny-halfpenny stamp on each."

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE END OF THE EMERALDS.

TWO or three days after that settlement made between Standish and Dania, and not actively disapproved of by the Rector, there was a big gathering at a hospitable house on the Kildargle side of Roscrea. It was one of those assemblies which are occasionally arranged to bid defiance to any kind of weather on the hither side of earthquakes and tidal waves. If, as seemed likely at the time of issuing the short invitations, the day were almost fit for maying, there were to be rounders and golf and possibly croquet ; if the vane went about, then there was a billiard-room, and there were asphalt courts for tennis, and ample provision of singers and reciters was secured ; all the officers had promised their inexhaustible attractions ; and with the intention of an impromptu dance as a finale permitted to ooze out in the direction of all whom it might concern, there seemed to be no fear of the young people making one another particularly unhappy.

The afternoon came, as soft and shining as could have been desired, and infinitely more so than could have been expected. The brand-new carriage and pair—the chestnuts had never

been actually stabled at the Rectory, though they held their sleek selves at Dania's disposal—drove up to the door with exemplary punctuality, and the girl, looking her best and happiest in a fur-lined coat covering a dress that would fall in with the Terpsichorean implication, took her seat beside Mr. Moriarty, facing her handsome *fiancé*.

During the drive Mr. Moriarty was unusually silent. When Dania laughingly asked him if the bank had broken, he gave a visible start, and looked from the girl to the young man in what seemed almost a suspicious manner. Then, turning off rather clumsily the oddness of his behaviour, he became exceedingly garrulous, laughing noisily, and keeping up a succession of small jokes which, for all his efforts, went off in a damp and hang-fire fashion.

Standish, whose presence of mind seldom deserted him, smoothed over the old gentleman's jerky merriment with a good deal of tact. It was more, however, than his *savoir faire* could achieve to seem unconscious of its being somewhat urgently in request.

Once Moriarty opened a paper which lay by his side. Standish caught its name, and ventured on a witticism.

"Wonderful, isn't it," he said, "the advance we have made in surgical appliances? Our grandfathers considered a cork leg a mighty clever thing. What would they have said to a 'Cork Constitution'?"

Moriarty gave a start, glanced angrily at Standish, and flung the sheet out of the window. Then he seemed vexed with himself, and, remarking that there was really nothing in the paper, he began to chatter again. It seemed, however, beyond his power to sustain the show of high spirits. After having played the part of agreeable rattle for some little time, he suddenly relapsed into silence. Dania did not venture to attract her uncle's attention by a look, but, catching now and again the glance of Standish as it came back from her neighbour, she fancied that there must be something very singular in the deportment of the latter. Indeed, being very susceptible of such influences, she was—or believed that she was—physically conscious of the depth of the depression into which her kind old friend had sunk.

As the carriage turned into the avenue of Springwood, the house of the entertaining people, Moriarty roused himself. "Here we are," he said. "What a lot of folks, to be sure—all the world and his wife! Get your smile ready, my love; prunes and prism, you know." He turned his face on Dania, and it frightened her. She fancied that it looked ten years older than it looked a week ago.

"Uncle," she said, "are you sure you are quite well?"

"Yes," he answered snappishly. "But I shan't be so for long if you stare at me like that; I can't abide a woman who stares. Here, jump out."

The next moment Dania was shaking hands with her hostess, and was rather astonished at the tropical warmth of her welcome. It turned out that one of the ladies most relied upon for the accompaniment had broken faith, and that quite a large number of baritones and tenors were sitting in the neigh-

bourhood of their rolls, gloomy and aggrieved, disabled from warbling and determined not to talk.

"Oh," said the hostess, at the end of words to this melancholy effect, "I am so glad you are come! I cannot bear the reproachful glances of those little birds who have been called to sing and cannot be assisted to sing. Do set them warbling; somehow the tenors are more fearsome, though the basses' growl is deeper."

So Dania sat down and unlocked the frozen founts of melody. In a moment the youth with a "Message" was delivering it—to the ceiling, in a tremolo, with his hands crossed below his snowy bosom.

It was not till there was a move to the tea-room that Dania's fingers were allowed to rest. Then a very small officer led her away, and clove a path to the table, and brought her coffee and macaroons that his stout arm had won. At length, accompanied by her young hero, whose tie had been twisted round to his back, and who steamed like a geyser with the tea that had been poured upon him, she strolled out into the gardens heedless of scowls from vocalists, who, like Mr. Lewis Morris, had each a volume of *Songs Unsung*.

The little officer suggested that they should go and see the orchids, and, Dania being acquiescent, they bent their steps towards the hothouses. Of these there was a stately show—a perfect glass village—and, her gallant boy prattling ingenuously on, Dania went the conscientious round.

At length, standing in one of the houses devoted to palms and similar tall plants, Dania's attention was attracted by a voice proceeding from some interior depth of the tropical jungle.

"Did you come over with Moriarty?"

"I did," was the reply in the voice of Standish.

"How does he take it?" said the first voice.

"Hot, with a slice of lemon," was the answer.

"Ah, be serious now. Of course you saw the papers?"

"No; what's up?"

The little officer was about to speak, probably suggesting that this talk was not meant for the public ear, but Dania laid her hand upon his arm, and, with a blush, he let the words run back.

"What's up?" said the unknown voice; "all's up—with Moriarty. That is, if there's any truth in the telegrams. Moriarty City was consumed by fire yesterday, and he's gone for three million dollars. Here, old fellow, don't look like that."

"Yes, the report's true. He has looked like a doomed man all day," Standish muttered, speaking it seemed to himself. Then, in a louder tone, he said, "Looked queer, did I? Well, it's no great wonder—I was going to marry his niece."

"Going to!" What do you mean? Sure you're not such a dirty sneak as all that."

"It's all very well for you to talk, Daly. A man may be born a poet without being a born fool. It stands to sense I can't marry a girl with nothing in the world beyond such odd guineas as your royal grace allows her unconsciously humorous pen. Why, man alive, isn't it enough that her 'Shores of Silence' has nearly brought me to the shoals of bankruptcy? Come, old chap, or—Holloa! what's up?" Standish stopped short and glanced round.

There was the rustle of a dress. Then through the feathery fronds there appeared a face—the white face of Dania.

For two or three long seconds the girl stood staring with scorching contempt into the eyes of Standish, that shifted, but could not drop, held by something akin to fascination.

Then without a word she plucked the ring from

you up, down to your ridiculous green feather. May be, before all's done you'll get your hair cut, and not before it wants it."

Dania, who had unconsciously delayed her swift steps in order to catch the printer's words, was now overtaken by the little officer.

"I say," said the boy, "shall I try and punch



WITHOUT A WORD, DANIA TURNED AND LEFT THE PLACE.

her finger and flung it on to the ground. That done, she threw her lover another glance of splendid contempt, and, still without a word, turned and left the place.

"Upon my word," said the voice of Standish, "if I were a rich man I'd take her as she stands. A shade melodramatic perhaps, but it was tremendously effective. What do you say, Daly?"

"This," said Daly. "Your acceptance for £360 falls due on Saturday, and if it is not met I'll sell

the tall man's head? I will, you know, with pleasure."

"No," said Dania, "I think not. But will you order my carriage?"

The tiny warrior ran away to execute his commission. Dania went into the house and found her uncle.

"Well," said Moriarty, when they were rolling homeward, "where's Verschoyle?"

"I don't know," said Dania. "Uncle, it's all over between us."

"Ah," said Moriarty, with a rather emphatic expiration, but with no sign of very great surprise. "Chucked you over because your dollars had got singed?"

"Yes," said Dania. "Oh, uncle, I am so grieved—not for myself—for you!"

The old gentleman laughed.

"Oh," he said, "I'm right enough. 'Twixt you and me and the bedpost that telegram was a trap, and Mr. Fox has fallen into it and cut off his tail. My dear, you've had a lucky escape. Hark!"

Mr. Moriarty stopped, and held up his hand. "What's that singing?"

Dania turned her head and listened.

Somewhere from the darkening road, faint, wild, remote, with a strange thin sweetness, came the words:

"Pearls will lie warm on a girl's white neck,
But emeralds do be craving a setting of the gold."

CHAPTER XXXII.—MR. BROWN CALLS.

THAT night Dania sat dejectedly twisting round her head the thick plaits of her shining brown hair, and looking with a sort of apathetic pity at her face in the glass—her face that had fallen back so easily into its hues and lines of sorrow. It was too small and too pretty, she thought, to bear all the sorrow that looked out of the large eyes whose light was like water washing under a red sunset. Suddenly, while she so sat and pitied herself, almost as though the glass had truly been one of the mirrors of old enchantment, precipitating the shadow of an actual presence, there rose before her, white and smitten and terrible to see, the face of Gerard, as it looked back on her when she said, "I love another man as no woman ever will love you."

A moment or two she sat and stared, and then, deeper within the recesses of the glass, there cleared and stayed, as vivid and as real as the other apparition, not facing her, but gazing across upon her, just as it had gazed from the study door-space, the startled face of her father. The light was behind the figure, and it stood out like a figure carved by the sunset in black marble.

So Dania gazed upon the supreme moment of her history, and, at once actor and spectator, saw it lived over again.

Then, almost as rapidly as the shadowy procession of his life moves through the brain of him who straightway is to pass at one short step from vigorous life to death, all the story of her treachery, not in mere order of time but in moral sequence, went in grim silence past the gaze of Dania.

"I have deserved it all," she said at length; "as I sowed so have I reaped, and with that measure wherewith I meted withal it has been measured to me again."

If there was any spot in her dark outlook where the shadow lay a little lighter, it was the feeling—never perhaps admitted till then, but certainly long latent in her mind—that her love for Standish had, before that miserable discovery, begun to decline.

Her unwillingness to submit to his judgment the work into which her newer and more earnest self had desired to pass, rose in the mind of Dania as sure evidence of that decline. One other consideration brought not consolation, for nothing rooted in malice can ever bring forth kindly balm of healing, but a peculiarly lively satisfaction. She fancied she saw the face of Standish as he read in next morning's paper the contradiction of "the ridiculous canard set in motion by some ill-wisher of the great American millionaire, Mr. Oliver Moriarty, whose opulent and far-reaching concerns were never more prosperous or more sound."

It was about a month after that day of humiliation: it was in the tender greening of the year: it was the time of glancing wings and peeking tails, of flickerings and flittings so ubiquitous that every leaf that stirs seems to move with the agitation of some "tiny brownie" bosom: it was the time when at any moment the world may start and wait with lifted hand and sidelong ear, hearkening for a muffled call that seems to have come, yet is, one thinks, too dearly welcome truly to have come: the time when Irish meadows prick the very heart with a poignant longing: when the eyes of every cottage girl are large and dark with wistful dreams: when clouds roll up and are so quickened into vanishing radiances of unearthly glory that one might think all the gross material world were being transmuted into spirit: it was somewhere in the last wonderful days of April that Dania sat down to try to ease her heart with her pen.

The window stood open. The song of the river grew upon the ear. The rooks went backward and forward, brightening as they crossed the sun into glows of costly purple. The hands of children loitering on the bridge were full of cowslips. Light whispers ran through the reeds. A small black waterhen moved slowly down the current, turning and pointing like an unsettled vane. The grey church grew warm in the golden shafts of the sun.

It was the time when thoughts grew sweet in the sheltered trenches of the heart. Dania rested her head on her hand and thought.

At last out of her deep heart it came—a tale, a poem, a blossom of old memories—something that had been ripening there through many a long sad day. Her pen seemed almost the pen of an amanuensis writing at dictation. The work was not to create but only to gather. And when at length the story, or the poem, was all down, it seemed complete as a living organism, almost incapable of addition or subtraction. Many a superficial change it might and did receive, but in its essential form as well as its essential spirit it was at once fixed and final.

When the last verbal touch had been given to her story Dania read it to her father. At the end there was no need of words between them. He just looked into her face, meeting her wet eyes with his wet eyes, and all that could be said was said.

Then, as naturally as though there could hardly have been any possibility of doing otherwise, Dania sent off the manuscript to the author of "Shadows." Of the goodness of her work she herself had never had any doubt, but it seemed to her that only one sanction could stamp it as sterling. To her, and I

think to her father too, there was in literary things only one man whose opinion mattered. No doubt this feeling was unjustifiable, irrational; but there, all the same, it was, rooted deep in the hearts of both. To some one writer most of us, I believe, yield now, or yielded once, this supreme obedience—this unquestioning fealty as to our crowned and anointed king, whose yea for us makes Right and his nay Wrong. Often, perhaps, the literary judgment may have been at fault, but seldom has the moral instinct betrayed. We paid our homage to the rightness of the spirit of the man while the *rapprochement* was there between us. This was the man of all the scribbling world who had a message for our hearts. So, as though it were the obvious thing to do, Dania submitted her new tale to William Henry Brown.

The answer came quickly this time—a very young clerk must have been permitted to rummage among venerable proprieties in that publisher's office—and it was as propitious as quick.

"Oh, this is all right!" it said. "It is as good in its way as anything ever done in our generation; better, better beyond assessment than anything I have done or by any possibility could do. It is a very lovely thing, and true, true; 'sure as to heart-beat,' to use a phrase of Buchanan's. If you never write another line, thank God and die happy that you have done this."

Well, that was wonderful praise for a girl to receive from her ideal author. Fancy how many a man would feel if Rossetti, or Ruskin, or Stevenson, or Andrew Lang—any of the writers whose books we take to our heart—had sent him such a letter.

I don't know exactly how a man would think it right to act. Being a woman, Dania clearly could do only one thing. She locked her door and cried till her nose could scarcely be persuaded to come down to dinner.

A correspondence between Dania and her critic was the result of that letter. The little tale had been, on his introduction, accepted by a well-known publisher, and was to appear some time during the summer.

In one of her letters—which sometimes strayed a little beyond the boundaries of literature—Dania had said that if ever she were in London she would ask her kindly adviser to call upon her, as, in the unlikely event of his ever coming near Kildargie, she, by those presents, begged him to do.

A few weeks after the expression of that wish—whereunto, by the way, her correspondent made no reference—a letter from Dania provoked a reply bearing the postmark of Roscrea. It was singular that his address had never been given, the whole responsibility of forwarding Dania's letters having rested, lightly enough, on Mr. Brown's publishers.

As soon as Dania received that information on the face of the envelope, she sat down and wrote three letters, couched in exactly the same words, and despatched one to each of the three leading hotels in Roscrea.

The substance of the letters was an urgent request that, being within ten miles of Kildargie, Mr. Brown would not grudge his two devoted admirers at the Rectory the great happiness of seeing him in the flesh.

To that appeal there came an answer, written at his visitor's request by the landlord of the Wentworth Hotel, that Mr. Brown would do himself the pleasure of calling to-morrow.

No hour was specified. The trains did not favour an afternoon call. Therefore Mr. Brown's expectant devotees could only keep as ready as might be, not knowing whether beast or boat or bicycle would furnish forth the needful locomotion.

At about three o'clock Dania, considering that as the morning had not brought the visitor, there was not much risk in being out of the way for a little while on that side of four o'clock, ran out to freshen the vases with a few dark red roses, the earliest of the early season. She ran round to the bush on the side of the house, close to the courtyard wall, and soon filled a little basket. In five minutes she was running up the steps that led into the hall.

There in the hall, awaiting her young mistress, stood Bridget Heffernan.

"He's just after coming, dotie," said Bridget, with a wonderful smile upon her face. "I have the blinds drawn up, and—"

She broke off short, and caught Dania in her arms.

"Oh, my lamb," she said, kissing her hand; "that there may never shine on the sweet face of yees a darker day than this same! Go in, go in, and the Lord speed your heart home."

She flung open the door, and Dania, much wondering, entered.

In the window, with his face turned a little away from her, sat a man—quite a young man evidently—in a knickerbocker suit.

The light was flaring into Dania's eyes from a side window. Thus much she distinguished and no more.

"Oh, Mr. Brown," she began, advancing to meet the man as he rose from his seat, "I am so sorry I was away. We were expecting—"

There she stopped short and stood, her lips parted, the blood receding from her cheeks. For two or three seconds she stood thus; then, with a little cry, she ran forward.

"Gerard!"

"Dania!"

Their hands came together and closed in a long grip.

"Gerard, oh! Gerard—you wrote that book!"

"Yes, such as it is, I wrote it. Dania, you have done nobly at last."

"It was all yours, Gerard. Without you I could never have written a line. Oh, Gerard, I have repented—how bitterly God only knows! Can you—will you—forgive me?"

"I have forgiven you—long ago. Dania, show me your hand."

With meek acquiescence she raised her right hand.

"Nonsense," he said, and catching her left hand by the long, slim fingers he swept it up high in air.

"Thank God!" he said, and kissed the white third finger where the ring was not.

Then, as though not satisfied with evidence so capricious as a girl's fancy, "Tell me, Dania," he said, "is that truly all over?"

"Yes," she answered. "It was all a bad dream Gerard, I do know now—I have known for many a weary day—what sort of a man I lost. Gerard,

I am grown very humble. Oh, my darling, after all my naughtiness, all my selfishness and cruelty, could you, could you——?"

He tried to stop her there, but she held his hand down. It eased her heart, he saw, to humble herself before him thus, because she knew how much he loved her, how utterly she was forgiven.

"Gerard," she went on, in a melting voice, while her face was all a sweet showery dazzle, "may I—may I—come back?"

She took the cuff of his coat in her hand, and brushed it lightly against her cheek, while a little tremble ran through her.

Then she pushed him back and stood at arm's length, with her soft throat turned up a little.

"May I, Gerard?" she said.

"No," he answered, "most certainly not." Then, putting all the love that ever can be told into her own sweet name, he said, "Dania!"

And with a little laugh and a happy, cooing moan, she stretched out her arms and let herself be gathered home.

There was the sound of light wheels in the hall.

"Oh," said Dania, "it is my poor father! Perhaps—yes—oh, yes." She was going to suggest that some preparation might be wise, lest the surprise of seeing Gerard there should be too much for the fragile old man. But her intended warning was too late. On the mention of his old friend's presence Gerard rushed to the door.

"Rector," he cried, catching the invalid's thin hand, and wringing it hard, "my dear, dear old friend; more than that—my father now; yes, Rector, I've won her back."

Into the Rector's face came a look of wonderful joy. He leaned back in his wheel-chair, drawing his hands out of Gerard's grasp, and lifting his arms before him.

Then he held out both hands for the grip of his old friend and his new son.

And then a strange thing happened.

The dumb man spoke.

"Gerard," he said, "my own lad! come back at last!"

The End.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

IT is interesting to read "Reminiscences," but it is not always possible to write them wholly without pain, and this is the reason why many autobiographies have been left unfinished. The recollections of past days of happiness and sorrow have touched the feelings too strongly, and the writers have felt it safest to turn to subjects which can be treated with greater freedom.

Thus Southey, writing about his early life to his friend John May, expressed a doubt whether he should have the courage to pursue the story to the end; "courage, I mean, to live again in remembrance with the dead, so much as I must needs do in retracing the course of my life." Southey's fears were justified—he found the task too painful, and stopped short before the end of his school career at Westminster. Sir Walter Scott carried his autobiography a little farther, but dropped it upon assuming the gown of an advocate—an unspeakable loss to literature, had not Lockhart told the fascinating story with such incomparable skill. In these famous instances, however, the writers were engaged in giving a record of their own lives, which is a far more personal matter, and makes much stronger demands upon the feelings, than the memories which recall the notable men and women whom one may have met with in society, or with whom the intercourse has been comparatively slight; and to such intercourse the present recollections will be rigidly confined. I hope that in relating them I shall not say a word that is unkind or untrue, and my readers will of course understand that the impressions recorded after an interval of many years, may not be wholly just. Some excuse also must be made for the egotism which is not to be avoided in a paper of this kind.

My interest in literature and association with men of letters began so far back that, like a lady whose age is past its prime, I may be pardoned for forgetting the date. It is scarcely necessary to say that in those early days my passion for bookish men was far stronger than my judgment. Was it wholly unreasonable that my boyish enthusiasm should have been aroused more by Thomas Moore, whom I had the fortune to meet one evening in Mrs. S. C. Hall's cottage at Brompton, than by Spenser or Milton?

Yet I remember with pleasure how, long before the Moore fever, I had read and loved Burns, and how I felt something like enthusiasm for Wordsworth after listening to James Montgomery's praise of that poet at my father's fireside. As for Scott, I loved his verse, and shouted it out in season and out of season, at home and in the fields, ere I had reached what are called years of discretion; Milton too was read, and passages learned by heart, long before I was able to appreciate his incomparable powers, and some years later the magic of Spenser made and still makes me a captive to his genius. To think it possible in those happy days that I might myself be a poet was perhaps pardonable, and the insertion of a poem in the *Athenæum* before I was out of my teens caused the belief to be cherished for some weeks. Other verses were written a little later on, printed in magazines, and translated into French by an amiable French poet whose verses, with mine, have been for many years interred in the British Museum. The pleasure which the writing of them gave me was surely a sufficient compensation. Enough, however, of these youthful recollections; and so, passing over a considerable period, it will

suffice to say that since I made my first plunge into literary society there are comparatively few men who have successfully climbed the steep of literature with whom I have not chatted or dined. It is probably a relief to poets, and to men of high mark in the world of letters, to talk with one who is in no degree a rival, and can appreciate genius without being envious of it. There is something mean in conversing with our intellectual superiors and going away to note down their personal deficiencies. This I shall not do, but I may say, perhaps, that people ignorant of literary society are prone to rate it too highly.

Some years ago I heard Mr. Lowell, who was, as all readers know, a fine critic and brilliant humorist, make a dull speech about Wordsworth. The subject, it must be allowed, does not admit of humour, and great though Wordsworth be, it does perhaps admit of dulness. At all events, this was the line selected and assiduously followed: the speaker felt bound to be solemn as his special forte was humour; and in the same way, brilliant authors do not care to let too much of their light shine in society. Enthusiastic readers are apt to think the writers of books they love must be delightful companions, and so they sometimes are, but not always. Such readers forget that the books have been written in solitude, and that in them we see the authors in their happiest moods.

Poets and imaginative writers are, in truth, often a dyspeptic lot, and cheerfulness and dyspepsia are sworn foes. They have the artistic temperament, too, and if inadvertently you praise a brother of the pen, you may find you are treading on your neighbour's toes. In that case he will probably let you know indirectly, and with irreproachable courtesy, that your opinion on such a matter is worthless. I confess, therefore, that poets and their fellow-craftsmen in imaginative prose are not at all seasons the most attractive of associates. They resemble a mountain air that is too stimulating for the nerves, and a brief hour with them on the heights sends one again with fuller enjoyment into the valley of common life. "Lowly dwellers in content" are by far the best sort of people to live with. Our daily food should be of a homely sort, yet it is pleasant to remember the distinguished men with whom one has conversed and corresponded.

There is a drawer in my desk which may perhaps justify a little vanity, since it contains friendly letters from poets and literary men whose names will live in English story. And yet such vanity is but a passing feeling, while a permanent consciousness remains of the heights never to be scaled which divide them from me. It is painful, too, to observe how friendly acquaintances of this kind pass away with the years. Circumstances change, and friends alter without any design of being unfriendly, and as a man ages he often finds himself cut off from those with whom his intercourse was once frequent. I have, for instance, a large bundle of letters from a popular living poet, written twenty years or more ago, which prove how closely he and I were at one time associated. Not a word but what was kindly ever passed between us, but in some way not readily to be explained we have drifted

apart. I met him first, I think, under Anthony Trollope's hospitable roof, and the mention of that novelist's name brings back many a memory of acquaintances gained through his friendship. Trollope was outspoken even to bluntness, but he was thoroughly to be trusted, and no one familiar with the best of his fictions can doubt his tenderness of heart. His faults were English; his merits were English; there was nothing mean in him, nothing fickle, and if as a man of letters he sometimes attempted subjects which were beyond his grasp, the author of "The Warden," of "Barchester Towers," and of "The Last Chronicle of Barset" has secured, I think, a safe, although not a high place in the literature of his country.

He was, as he said to me, an overworked man. Yet in proof of his friendly disposition, I may mention that in the sixties I asked him to give a lecture for a literary society in which I was interested, and offered ten guineas as an honorarium. In his reply he turned the tables upon the society as follows: "I find that committees appreciate best a mode of arrangement in regard to lectures which I have twice suggested. I offer to give a radical lecture or to subscribe £10. They always take the £10, saying that the radical lecture is too much for their strength." It did not prove too much in the present case, although the members of the society were, I think, almost to a man conservative. So Trollope dined at my house, and afterwards gave a vigorous address on the duty of women knowing something about politics. If there were radicalism in the lecture I failed to discern it. I could not persuade him to take the payment which the committee was ready to offer, and it is but just to say here, parenthetically, that on applying to Mr. Justin McCarthy, he also was generous enough to lecture on Molière "for love," and would take no reward beyond doing kindness to a man whose claim upon him was simply that of an acquaintance.

The amount of literary labour achieved by the author of "The Warden" was enormous, and I have just seen a set of his works advertised in 107 volumes, which by no means includes them all. "Poor dear Trollope," as I heard George Eliot call him, was not in the least degree a man to be pitied, for what he aimed at he accomplished. So perhaps did his friend, George Henry Lewes, whose story is not a pleasant one. I met him frequently in the early days of the "Fortnightly Review," which was commercially very unsuccessful under his management. The truth is, the journal was far too heavily weighted at the outset, with Lewes as editor and Trollope as novelist; moreover, the publication of so solid a review, issued at two shillings every fortnight, did not suit either the pockets or the leisure of English readers. I may add that Mr. George Meredith's "Vittoria"—he had few worshippers in those days—was not likely to increase the circulation of the costly periodical. And so it came to pass that the original capitalists lost their money, that the fortnightly issue was suspended and has never been resumed, and that Mr. John Morley, who had previously, if I remember rightly, watched over the dying days of the "Literary Gazette," became the editor of the review.

I remember dining one evening at the Garrick, in company with Trollope, Charles Reade, and Dallas of the "Times," when Lewes spoke strongly of Sir Walter Scott's carelessness in composition. Scott, no doubt, did not toil over his words. Much of his writing is extempore, and his impetuous and splendid genius was not fitted for the verbal niceties which delight us in less fertile writers. But Scott never offends his readers by such laborious efforts in composition as George Eliot exhibits in "Daniel Deronda"—efforts which are the more remarkable when we recall the ease and spontaneity of the "Scenes of Clerical Life," and of her masterpiece, "Silas Marner." In "Deronda," indeed, as in the works of Mr. Meredith, one is struck by what would almost seem like an effort to attract attention by verbal infelicities. If simplicity be, as Swift says, the foundation of all good literature, I am bold enough to think that much which George Eliot wrote in her latest novel and in "Theophrastus Such," and more that comes from the masterful pen and teeming imagination of Mr. George Meredith, is in this respect not good literature. Is this eccentricity of style due to affectation? I think not. My recollection of George Eliot's fireside talk is that it was simple and womanly, and assuredly, Mr. Meredith, who has in a large degree the gift of conversation, betrays no self-consciousness while pouring out in prodigal profusion the wealth of his mind. I believe, as he once said to me, that all he "pretends to do is to write as clearly as he can"; but despite its flashes of genius, a style so perverse is not one to be commended. There are, indeed, passages in his works which confound the most sympathetic critic. Is there something in the literary atmosphere nowadays that is favourable to obscurity? So it would seem, since many of our small poets and poetasters strain their wits to say what cannot be "understood of the people." These feeble singers appear to have taken the only leaf out of Mr. Browning's book which it was possible for them to steal. Browning may be said to have written in poetical shorthand. His followers give the shorthand without the poetry. The contrast between Browning as a man and as a poet was very striking. An English gentleman who enjoyed society and lived like his fellows, he was totally free from all eccentricity of manner and of dress, and had none of the peculiarities attributed—sometimes with good reason—to men of genius. "Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand," Keats said, when these two great poets met for the first and last time in the fields between Hampstead and Highgate; and pleasant too it is to me to remember that I also have been in Arcadia, have pressed Browning's hand before dining with him, and possess among other treasured autographs a friendly letter from his pen.

The mention of autographs reminds me that I possess among mine the remarkable and highly characteristic letter written by Southey to Cottle, in December 1795, from Falmouth *en route* for Portugal, immediately after his marriage. It will be remembered that he left his wife at the church door, and that she, retaining her maiden name and

wearing the wedding ring fastened by a ribbon round her neck, returned to her friends. "Perhaps," he writes, "you may hardly think my motives for marrying sufficiently strong. One, and that to me of great weight, I believe, was never mentioned to you; there might have arisen feelings of an unpleasant nature at the idea of receiving support from one not legally a husband, and (do not show this to Edith) should I perish by shipwreck, or by any casualty, I have relations whose prejudices would then yield to the anguish of affection, and who would love and cherish and yield all possible consolation to my widow." The story of the noble, unselfish life led by Southey might have been made as attractive as any biography in our literature, but his son, Cuthbert, with the best wish to make it so, sadly failed in his task. Biographers like Boswell, like Southey himself, or like Lockhart, are almost as rare as poets.

And are not great critics as rare also? In criticism sanity is more needed than subtlety, and a mind broad enough to appreciate different kinds of excellence is more necessary than learning. Oftentimes poets would seem to be the worst critics. This, indeed, is far from true of Coleridge, or of Charles Lamb, who was a poet at heart; but Scott, although not in his case from any lack of healthy instincts, failed strangely in some of his judgments; so did Byron, so did Sir Henry Taylor, who could find nothing likely to live in Burns, and so did Matthew Arnold, who thought that Shelley's letters would survive his verse. By some of our earlier poets blunders equally significant were made, and the remembrance of them should be a warning to the over-confident reviewers who would fain destroy a reputation or confer a poetical immortality by a stroke of the pen.

I suppose that one of the best tests of the worth of imaginative literature is the interest with which we return to it again and again. But it is by no means a wholly satisfactory test, since the author may be too good for his reader. No one capable of judging will think less of the "Faerie Queene," or of "Paradise Lost," because those poems are unheeded by the mass of readers; and if for the passing hour a modern novelist of ordinary ability has more readers than Jane Austen, that fact does not lessen her unique reputation in the eyes of those who love her wisely and cannot love her too well. She said in one of her playful moods that she should like to have married Crabbe, and no doubt the two have much in common, but Crabbe, true poet though he be, lacks the exquisite art in verse which Miss Austen exhibits in prose, and has a good deal of what one may call waste material. The author of "Persuasion" has none. I should dearly like to have known Jane, and, by the way, what a fragrance her memory has given to that homely name. A true woman, if ever true woman lived, and how unlike certain over-bold female novelists of our day, who forget or despise the truth that the woman should take precedence of the author.

One of my earliest critical efforts was as a reviewer of novels for the "Literary Gazette." I am sure that in those days I was not competent

for the task. A novel is, or should be, a work of imaginative art, and in proportion as it has that character is the difficulty of estimating its merit. No young man can criticise such work justly, since it needs an experience of life and literature which only study and years can give. The novel of the day or week he may be able to estimate, but so can the idle consumer who devours his three volumes one day and forgets them the next. How many a distinguished reputation among writers of fiction has the man of mature age survived! How many a novelist, owing to some temporary attraction, is lifted for a little moment on the wave of popularity—to be left stranded and forgotten on the turn of the tide. "Every age," says De Quincey, "buries its own literature." It would be more correct to say that every age buries its own fiction, for among hundreds of novelists with a reputation, the few that are like to live in the next century may be counted on the fingers. The commercial aspect of the novelist's craft seems nowadays to be most prominent—so many words for so many sixpences.

In these hard times, when incomes decrease and taxes advance by leaps and bounds, even poets are said to look after their gains sharply, but these gains are, for the most part, slight. A poem in the Queen Anne days generally secured to its author a public appointment. Under Queen Victoria the pursuit of the divine art of poetry has, in one or two rare cases, brought fortune as well as fame; but generally it is its own reward. I could disclose, if it were fitting, some startling facts with regard to a distinguished living poet who can say, as Wordsworth once said, that his profits as a singer have barely sufficed to pay for shoe leather. Yet, as all men of letters know, there are one or two popular versemen now living whose song, although no better than a chirp or an echo, is so appreciated by the public as to prove abundantly remunerative. In the days that are gone, Martin Tupper and "Satan" Montgomery gained this doubtful kind of poetical success. I

knew them both, and well remember the good Tupper—for a good man he was despite his poetical hallucinations—showing me an American edition of his verses with an engraving of Shakespeare's house on one page, while on the opposite page was the proverbial poet's own residence at Albury. He lived long enough to survive his prodigious popularity, and now I suppose that the book on which it was based is as dead as the epics of Blackmore. Both Robert Montgomery and Martin Tupper should, one would have thought, have known what good literature was, but it was evident from their conversation that they had not the faintest perception of their own deficiencies. One of the last acts of Montgomery's life proved this plainly enough, for in the year of his death he attempted to compete with Keble's "Christian Year," and published "The Sanctuary: a Companion in Verse for the English Prayer Book," which, I believe, died at its birth, and, on poetical grounds, assuredly deserved to do so. Forty years have gone by since then, and now an author whose poems had thousands of readers lives only in the needlessly cruel review of Macaulay, in which he was "breaking a butterfly upon a wheel."

Looking back over the years, a number of once familiar faces rise up before me, bringing with them recollections, not always pleasant, perhaps, but vividly impressive in so tranquil a life as mine.

There are moments when every thoughtful man must feel ready to exclaim with Burke, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue"—so much in life seems like a vision—of elevating delights it may be, but yet a vision which dies away before we have time to realise it. It is well that what was false and unworthy should perish, but how comes it that so much which made life beautiful and lifted us for awhile out of the rut of custom should seem to pass away also? Let us hope it is but seeming, and that all of honest worth gained in the past from books and men lives in us still, although unconsciously, to strengthen and to console.

JOHN DENNIS.

Sweet and Twenty.

SHE is so fair!
From her dimpled, sun-kissed cheek,
And her rings of sun-burnt hair,
To her eyelids maiden-meek
Whose long lashes slowly move:
Did one ask you, "Could you love?"
You would sigh, "No question there;
She is so fair!"

What of her heart?
Is her face the outward sign
Of the spirit's better part
Moulding every perfect line?
She is wrapped in mystery—
Better pass and let her be.
Scarcely asking as you part,
"What of her heart?"

Did she but speak
Some indifferent, careless word,
Love's own speech itself were weak
To describe the sound then heard.
Never nightingale in May
More sweetly sang at close of day.
Freedom it were vain to seek
Did she but speak.

N. MCCORMICK.

JERSEY COWS.

JERSEY, that island of craggy rock, lying like a drifted scrap of Cornwall close to the shore of France, has long had a reputation for quiet beauty. The brightness of its girdling sea, its silvery beaches, its purple cliffs, its verdant pastures, the equableness of its climate, the general air of prosperity about its streets and dwellings, and the reasonableness of its people, have long made it attractive to the holiday-maker and the family of limited income. Its deep, narrow lanes, its umbrageous trees and patches of heath, have yielded many a picture and many a memory.

It is not quite as it used to be. Its population have of late years turned their attention overmuch to potatoes; and potato-fields, even under glass, do not improve a landscape. Forest trees and early potato plants do not flourish together; and many of the trees have gone and more are doomed. The clearance has been general, and the result has been to bring the buildings and orchards more into prominence, and make the enormous number of solitary cows more conspicuous than ever.

Where the Jersey cows came from is not known. They certainly were not imported from Brittany, where the cattle are mostly black and white. Probably they came from Normandy before the days of King John. An Englishman, accustomed to look upon the Channel Islands as dependencies, is somewhat staggered when he first hears from a Jerseyman that the relationship ought really to be the other way about, for it was not England that conquered the Channel Islands, but the Channel Islands that conquered England. At the conquest they were part of Normandy, and as Normans their barons took their levies to form part of Duke William's army. When John lost Normandy, the islands remained true to the English crown. John, the great charter-giver, under compulsion, went over there in a hurry, and as he had made things pleasant at Runnymede, so did he there. He gave us a great charter; he gave the islands a great charter—"the palladium of Channel Island liberty, the," etc., etc., as per the history books. That charter is still the basis of their liberties and their prosperity, for it not only gave them their self-government, but the privilege of free trade with England for home-grown products, which neither then nor now included tobacco and eau-de-cologne. Since then, the Channel Islanders have been the most anti-French subjects of the crown. Even now, no Frenchman can hold land in Jersey under any circumstances whatever, and as to cattle being admitted from the French coast, why, not only would the cattle be slaughtered as they landed, but the very ship would be seized, and her captain fined £200! Any Spanish cattle that may come are taken direct to the slaughterhouse; even English cattle are only admitted for butchering, and must be killed within ten weeks. Further than this, in order that there may be no doubt as to the purity of the breed, no Channel Islands

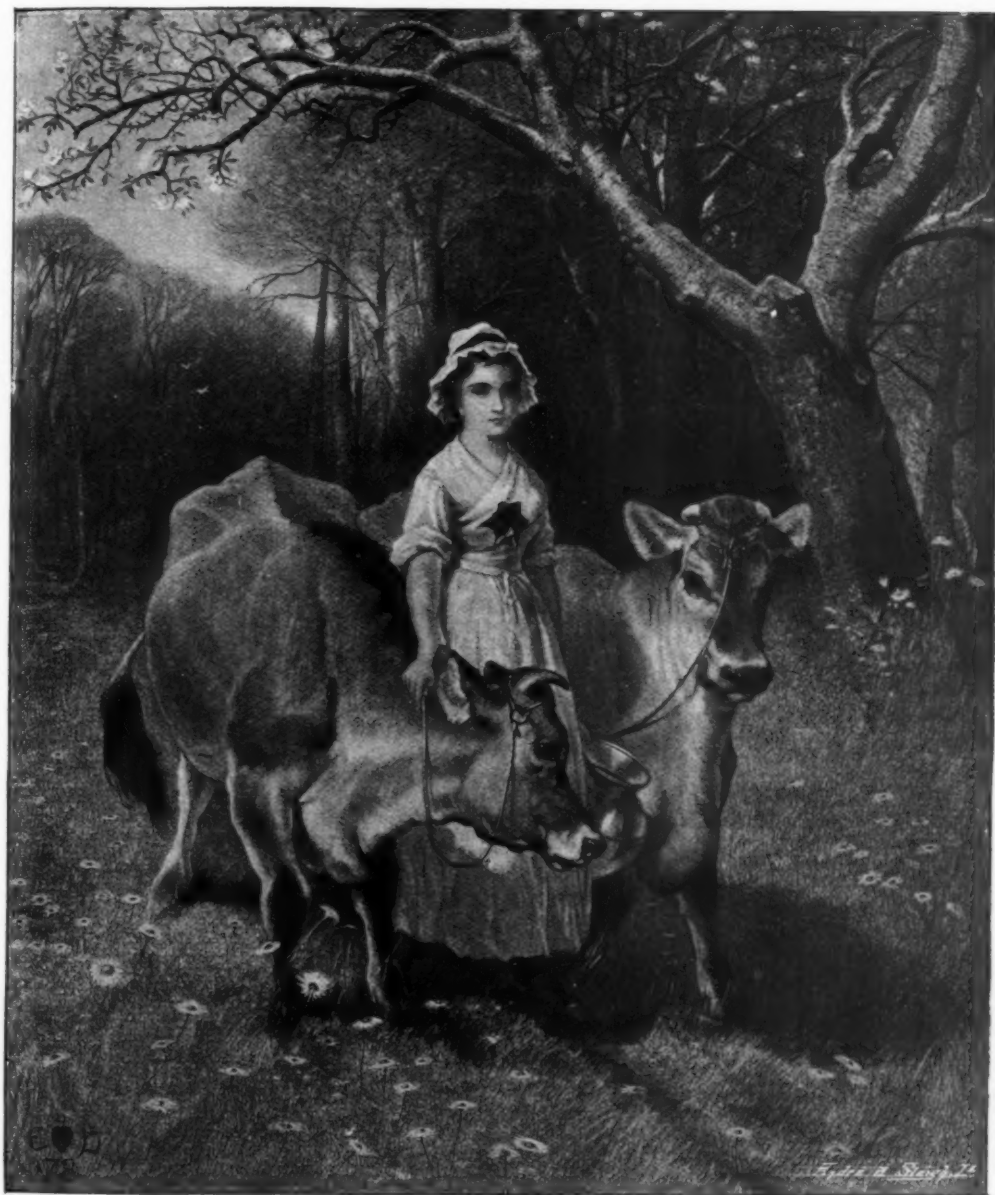
cattle once exported are allowed to come back; their nationality is assumed to be that of the country from which they were last shipped, and they are dealt with as foreign straight away.

It is a curious fact that twice only has Jersey, the nearest to France, been in serious danger of becoming French, and that each time a queen was the traitor. In 1461 Margaret of Anjou, much pressed for funds, sold the islands to France, and handed over Mont Orgueil in Jersey to a French garrison. The islanders, however, refused to recognise the change of masters, and under Philip de Carteret, who held St. Ouen, fought a six years' campaign, until he was reinforced by Sir Robert Harliston with an English fleet, when he besieged Mont Orgueil, and in nineteen weeks forced the French to surrender. The other queen was Henrietta Maria, who was negotiating to sell the islands to France on behalf of Charles the First in 1646 when the secret leaked out, and the islanders appealed to the Parliament for help. Several times have the French tried to take them; the most serious attempts being the one in 1550, when Commodore Winter captured all their ships and killed nearly a thousand men, a defeat so thorough that it is not mentioned in the French histories, the ships being written off as "lost at sea"; and the other in January 1781, when Major Pierson defeated them in the streets of St. Heliers, and fell in the moment of victory, an event every visitor is reminded of by the small tavern with a door in the middle, on each side of which is a huge panel with three one-word lines of identical lettering, one panel announcing "Bass's Bitter Ale," the other "Here Pierson Fell."

Among a people of such sentiments, that their cattle should have come from Normandy since the great charter is obviously impossible; evidently the present breed must be eight hundred years old. A hundred years ago we read of Jersey cattle being sent to Alderney; and Alderney being the last point at which the homeward vessels called, the whole of the Channel Island cattle became known as Alderneys, just as Belgian rabbits are all Ostenders, owing to that being their port of shipment to England.

It was in 1835 that an attempt was first made to improve the form and quality of the Jersey cow. The attempt was on delightfully common-sense lines. A committee presided over by General Thornton, then Lieutenant-Governor, selected two beautiful cows, one considered to be perfect at the head end and the other at the tail end. Combining the perfect halves they arrived at the perfect whole, the ideal animal which they proceeded to map out and measure up so as to get the proportions for which the scale of points—a hundred, as usual—could be allotted.

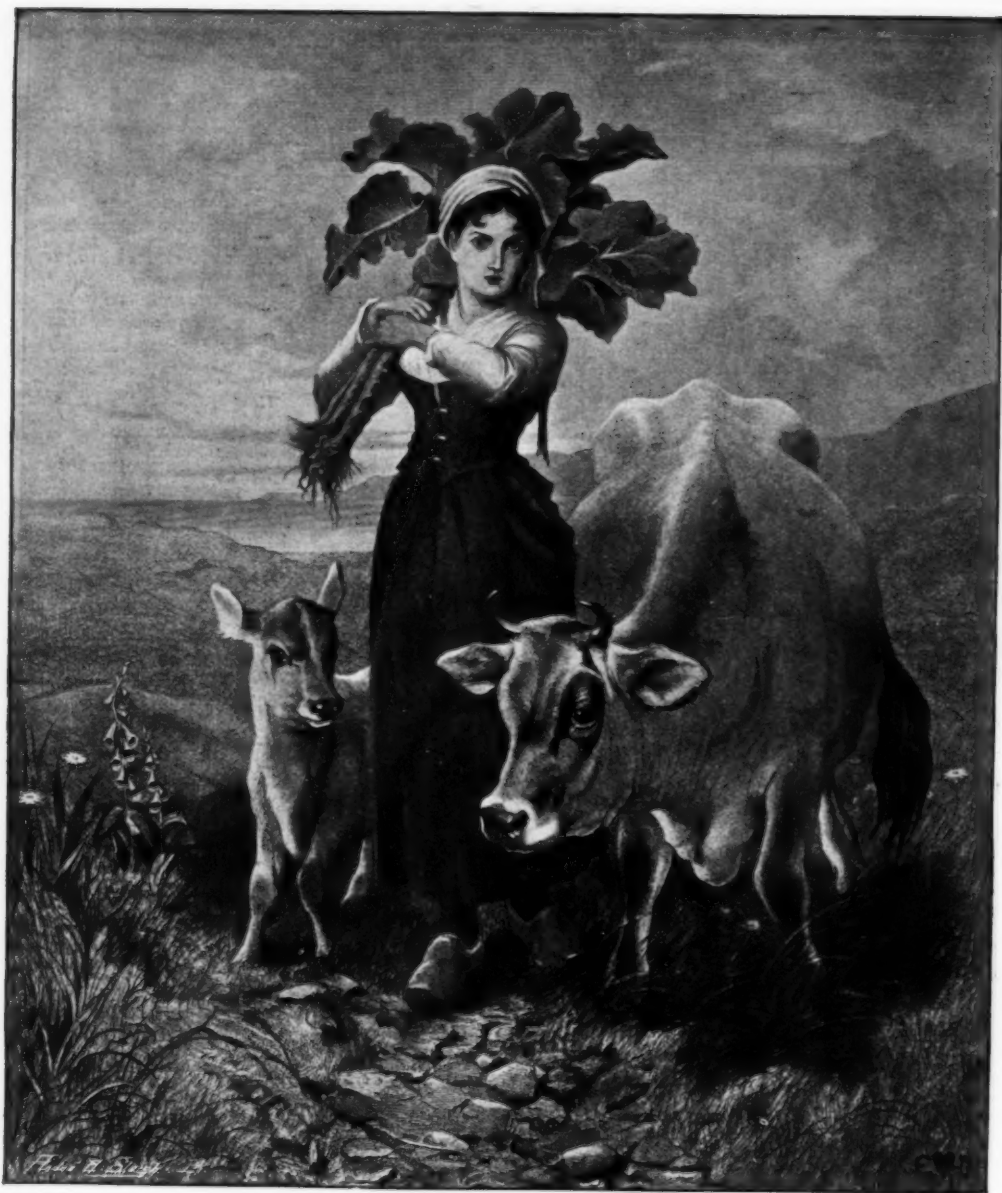
A Jersey cow has a small and tapering head and a small clean throat. Her muzzle is dark, surrounded by a light colour, her nostrils high and



BY PERMISSION OF HENRY GRAVES AND CO.]

[BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.

JERSEY.



BY PERMISSION OF HENRY GRAVES AND CO.]

ALDERNEY.

[BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.



BY PERMISSION OF HENRY GRAVES AND CO.]

SARK.

[BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.

open, and her horns, small, not thick at the base, are crumpled, yellow, and tipped with black. Her ears are small and thin and of a deep orange colour within, and her eyes are full and placid. Her neck is straight and fine, and lightly placed on the shoulders, and her withers are fine, her shoulders flat and sloping, and her chest broad and deep. Her barrel is hooped and broad and deep and well ribbed up; and her back is straight from the withers to the setting on of the tail and broad across the loins. Her hips are wide apart and fine in the bone, and her tail reaches the hocks and hangs at right angles to her back. Her hide is thin and mellow, covered with fine soft hair, and yellow in colour. Her legs are short, straight, and fine; her hoofs small; her arms are full and swelling above the knees; and her hind legs are squarely placed when viewed from behind, and do not cross or sweep as she walks.

She gives the richest milk of any cow, the fat being in large globules, the colour high owing to the large secretion of lactochrome by the cells, and the texture and body of the butter is better than that of any other breed under equal management. An ordinary cow will give eight quarts a day, as against the Jersey's six; and the milk will weigh twenty pounds against the Jersey's fifteen, but the ordinary milk will contain only twelve per cent. of solids against the Jersey's fourteen, the fat will only be three per cent. against the Jersey's four and a half, and the butter fat will only be nine and three-quarter ounces against the Jersey's ten and three-quarters; in fact, Jersey cream was thought to be too rich to make cream with until Mr. Le Feuvre tried the experiment in 1843. Added to this, the Jersey is one of the longest milkers between calvings, and gives a rich flow of milk for the greatest number of years. A Jersey will average five times her own weight in her milk during a year; and one of them has yielded 2,590 gallons in three years. One of them is recorded as having yielded 574 lb. 5 oz. of butter in a year, another has yielded forty-nine pounds in a week, and many of them over thirty pounds a week. In the United States the breed is so popular that, in addition to the pure-bred cows, there are now over a hundred thousand that are half-bred, the pure-bred ones being valued at from £60 to £80 each.

There are more Jersey cows in America than there are in Jersey, and yet there are more cows in Jersey than in any other similar area. England has twenty cows to every hundred acres; Jersey has fifty-eight; but then every farm there has its cows, and the farms are small, ranging from three to fifty acres, the reason being that the old Norman laws that still prevail in the island prevent the accumulation of property and insist on its distribution among the family in such a way that it cannot be dealt with without the consent of the most distant relatives.

The Channel Islands are among the few places in Europe where farming pays. Much of this success is due to the distributed ownership in land, keeping the farmer down among the crowd and making him landowner, capitalist, and labourer all in one. He works his own land, and puts more

money in the Post-Office Savings Bank than any other British subject. Again, he farms high; his farming is more market gardening than agriculture. The old seaweed manure days have gone; he now uses guano and plenty of it. His only corn crop used to be wheat, now he grows barley to follow on after potatoes, and every year he grows more oats. Potatoes, of course, are his mainstay—the Royal Jersey Fluke, now somewhat discredited, and others—56,000 tons a year of them in all. There are only 45 square miles in the island, and only about 30 of these are under cultivation, so that the yield is tremendous, being worth over £345,000.

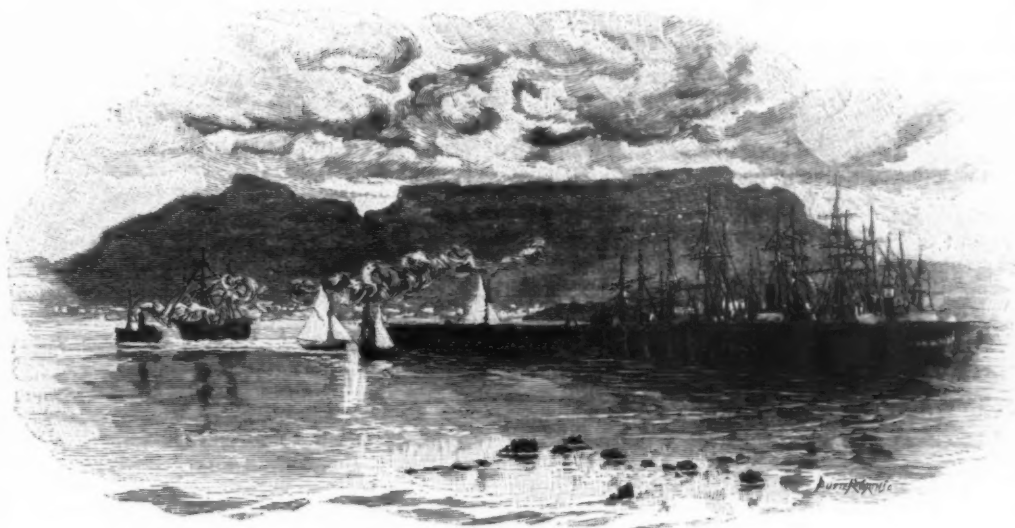
But since his queer little black horses went his pride has been in his cows, which he grazes in his orchards and small crofts, all of them tethered to corkscrew pegs and shifted about a few yards three or four times a day, so as to leave not a blade of grass uneaten. Even in 1812 we read "the treasure highest in a Jerseyman's estimation is his cow," and he makes money out of her. Of herd-book stock alone he sells two hundred a year, and some of the cows sold in the island have fetched two hundred guineas apiece. He not only sends them to the United Kingdom and the United States, but to France and Sweden and elsewhere. And he keeps up the quality; it is seldom that you see a poor cow even on the smallest holding. One of the most level of agricultural shows is that held at St. Heliers in May, when there will be gathered together nearly two hundred of these cattle with a range of not more than forty points amongst them.

The Jerseyman will tell you that the much vaunted Ayrshire is but a cross between a Jersey and a shorthorn; the Guernseyman has also a high opinion of his own kine, and boasts of its influence, more or less doubtful, on other breeds. It is as common as a proverb in that island that a Jersey cow may suit a gentleman, but that you come to Guernsey for the favourite of the dairyman. One stands for quality, the other for quantity; the Guernsey being an unpretentious creature meaning much milk, and consequently profitable for ordinary trading purposes. There is a perceptible difference in appearance, the Guernseys being of another colour, generally dark yellow ranging to red, and their build being less compact. This difference is probably due to breeding and conditions, for the Guernsey cow probably came from Jersey, the island being one step farther away from France. Most certainly it was not the other way round, as the Jerseyman will not allow even Guernsey to land cattle on his shores.

Sark also claims to have a breed of cattle of its own, but it is not everyone who will admit it. Some say they came from France, some that they came from Guernsey, some that they came from Jersey. The matter is of trifling importance, particularly as nine people out of ten fail to recognise the marks of distinction. The Alderney cattle are said to be small Jerseys, rather more deer-like in build and having perhaps more fawn and white in their colour; but it would appear to be more reasonable to regard them as a mixture dating from the days when Alderney was the half-way house for the Channel Islands trade.

THE NEW SOUTH AFRICA.

COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT.



CAPE TOWN

WHEN we look back upon the nineteenth century, we are struck by one feature in the progress of England which stands out in unchallenged pre-eminence. This feature is the overflow of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the consequent creation of a number of English-speaking communities—some of which have assumed the dignity of nations—in North America, in Australia, and in South Africa. What is remarkable is not the mere fact of the overflow, for Spain and Portugal, Holland and France, as well as England, have from the sixteenth century onwards sent out colonists to the new regions revealed by the discovery of America by Columbus, and the almost contemporaneous discovery of the maritime route to the East by Vasco da Gama. But the material conditions which governed the intercourse of Europe with these distant lands were less propitious than they are now. And so Spain and Portugal, France and Holland, lost touch with their colonists. It was this same cause, the difficulty of communication, which lay at the bottom of the quarrel which separated England from her Atlantic colonies, now the United States of America. What has characterised the English overflow in the present century has been the circumstance that it has taken place at a time when successive improvements in locomotion and communication have made it possible for the solidarity of the race to be maintained. And so to-day we have, in addition to the forty millions of English in the United Kingdom, ten millions of English in Canada, Australasia, and South Africa who are to all intents and purposes identified with each other in thought and feeling. And even with regard to the United

States, the ties of a common language and literature, of common pursuits, and, to a large extent, of a common origin, are felt to be so powerful, that the idea of war between the two countries has been rejected with the horror which accompanies the thought of an unnatural crime.

Now all of these new Anglo-Saxon countries have shown a certain similarity in the manner of their development.

The primary wealth of a new country is such as arises out of its virgin soil and vast unappropriated areas. Land is exceedingly cheap; indeed, it can scarcely be said to have any value at all, and all products coming from the soil can be raised at a correspondingly high rate of profit. The primary wealth of a new country, therefore, consists in the produce of its soil, and in the horned cattle and sheep which are pastured upon its ample domains. In all cases alike the commencement of prosperity has been the establishment of a trade with Europe in sugar, tobacco, corn, and subsequently in wool and cattle.

In addition to this primary wealth, there is another source of wealth which is less obvious and less permanent, but which, on the other hand, is infinitely more efficient in attracting capital and population. It consists of the deposits of precious metals and stones stored beneath the surface of the earth. And in the case of America, Australia, and South Africa alike, an era of pastoral and agricultural development has been followed by an era of mineral development. In North America and Australia the gold discoveries took place in the middle years of the century. South Africa has had to wait longer, but its mineral resources, as now

revealed, promise to make up in marvel and abundance for the comparative lateness of their discovery. It is only twenty-five years ago that the diamond mines of Kimberley were discovered, and this date (1870) marks the commencement of the change which has converted the old South Africa of sheep and ostrich farming into the new South Africa of gold and diamonds.

But before we trace the rapid development of South Africa under the stimulus of mineral discoveries, we must first consider the nature of its pastoral and agricultural resources.

So long as South Africa depended
Agricultural upon these primary sources of wealth
Resources. it made slow progress. In addition
to the political difficulties arising out of the Kafir wars and the conflict between the two European nationalities, the Dutch and English, two causes combined to retard its progress. In the first place, owing to its physical conformation, the southern extremity of the continent of Africa suffers from a want of water. There are few rivers, and of these almost all are unsuitable for navigation, and useless for irrigation; and the rainfall is both deficient and unreliable. This latter defect is one which can be remedied by the storage of rain in reservoirs and by artificial irrigation; but up to the present it has been found that the capital required for such works could be more advantageously invested in other undertakings, and so comparatively little progress has been made in combating this natural evil. A second cause is to be found in the fact that a large proportion of the most productive land in South Africa is in the possession of the colonists of Dutch descent. These Afrianders are an unambitious race, averse to change and unwilling to adopt new methods; and they have been generally satisfied to make a bare living out of the soil. In fact, the Dutch farmers have depended on the extent rather than the productiveness of their farms, and this system has naturally tended to keep the land in a low state of cultivation. Still, in spite of these drawbacks, the pastoral industries of South Africa have gradually developed; and mainly through the energy of the English settlers, introduced into the eastern province in 1820, the pastoral export has risen to an annual value of £3,500,000. This total is made up of £2,500,000 worth of sheep's wool, raised mainly in the Cape Colony, £500,000 worth of ostrich feathers, and £500,000 worth of Angora wool or mohair.

South Africa exports no corn; the supply of wheat grown scarcely suffices for its own needs—a fact which is unusual in a new country, and one which makes the Cape compare unfavourably with America and Australia. There are two other industries which must be mentioned in a review of the agricultural resources of South Africa. In Natal the cultivation of some tropical products, notably sugar and tea, has been successfully introduced; and in this colony the sugar export has reached an annual average value of £100,000. In certain districts of the western province of the Cape Colony the cultivation of the vine, the earliest of all the Cape industries, is carried on with

fair results. I say “fair” results, because according to the last returns¹ the export of Cape wine was only valued at £17,992. This is a small sum if we compare it with the value of the Australian wine export, and when we remember that the industry was established two hundred years ago by the Dutch and Huguenot emigrants.

Of all these industries, the most important and the most permanent is the wool industry. But if we place the value of the South African export (£2,500,000) by the side of the value of the same export from the Australasian colonies (£25,000,000) we see how comparatively insignificant a producer South Africa was before the discovery and development of its mineral resources.

To-day the annual value of the South African trade, export and import, probably amounts to £38,000,000, a total which approaches within ten millions of the trade of Canada, although it is only one-third of the trade of Australasia. And if we ask how this increase has arisen, the answer is that South Africa had changed during the last quarter of a century from a pastoral into a mineral producer.

The outward and visible signs of the change are to be seen in the growth of two great towns, Kimberley and Johannesburg, in the uninhabited waste; in the sudden extension of British authority over vast territories in South Central Africa; and in the swift advance of those two mighty assistants of civilisation, the telegraph and the railway. Kimberley, Johannesburg, and the Chartered Company—these represent the three great factors in the change, and we will briefly consider the part which each of them has played.

Kimberley
Diamond Mines. Diamonds were found in a hap-
hazard way in the north-east of the
Cape Colony in 1867. In 1869 there
was a rush of diggers to the banks of the Vaal River, but these “wet diggings,” as they were called, were deserted for the more marvellous and abundant “dry diggings” discovered in 1870 on the site of what is now Kimberley. These Kimberley diamond mines are nothing else than the craters and pipes of four extinct volcanoes, which were filled at some remote period with streams of volcanic mud forced up from the bowels of the earth; and the diamonds are found in this volcanic mud or blue ground. At first the diamonds were won by surface workings; that is to say, the “blue ground” was dug out of the claims, and it was then broken up, and the stones, or rough diamonds, were easily washed out. In course of time, however, so much blue ground was extracted that the craters became huge pits; and then the buckets, filled with the blue ground, had to be carried to the edges of these pits by a system of wire rope haulage. This continued excavation led to the first crisis in the diamond industry. The sides of the pits fell in, and the workings were buried under a mass of *débris*. At the same time the deepest parts of the pits were flooded with water. And so, towards the end of 1883, diamond mining was practically brought to a standstill.

¹ *I.e.* in the “Statistical Abstract” of the British Colonies, etc.

Then an altogether different system of mining was gradually introduced. Under this—the present—system shafts were sunk outside the edges of the craters, and the blue ground was once more reached by transverse drivings and tunnels. Thus the blue ground is now mined, and raised to the surface in skips, by the same methods as are pursued in England in the case of coal. The result of the adoption of this new system was very remarkable. In 1887 so much blue ground or diamond-bearing earth was being extracted, that the price of diamonds had begun to fall; not only so, but it threatened to fall still further; so that, eventually, the profits of the industry would be largely decreased, or even altogether destroyed, by over-production.

The diamond industry was rescued from this danger by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Through his exer-

soon exhausted. Now, of course, as the volcanic pipes are found to go down almost perpendicularly, it is known that the supply is practically inexhaustible. Of late years, however, gardens have been laid out and trees planted, and the appearance of the town has been generally improved. Kenilworth, in particular, where the European *employés* of the De Beers Company live, is a sort of model suburb.

The discovery of diamonds has had a very important effect upon the fortunes of South Africa. It is not merely that £70,000,000 worth of diamonds have been won; although the production of so much wealth has indirectly increased the trade and revenue of the Cape Colony. It must be remembered that Kimberley is 650 miles¹ from Cape Town, and that the mines were found in the uninhabited desert beyond the northern boundary



GOING DOWN KIMBERLEY MINE: 1,000 FEET IN 42 SECONDS: AS IT USED TO BE.

tions nearly all the companies and individuals having properties in the mines were amalgamated into one great company, the De Beers Consolidated Mines. By this operation the various conflicting interests were united in one ownership, and the De Beers Company were enabled to practically control the whole of the diamond mining at Kimberley. They pursue the policy of limiting the yearly output of diamonds to such an amount as the market will carry at the normal price. As a matter of fact they raise about £3,500,000 worth of diamonds annually at a cost of about £2,000,000.

Kimberley, the home of the diamond industry, is a town of about 30,000 inhabitants. It still bears traces of the sudden and irregular manner in which it grew up; for the early buildings were built in a careless fashion at a time when it was supposed that the supply of blue ground would be

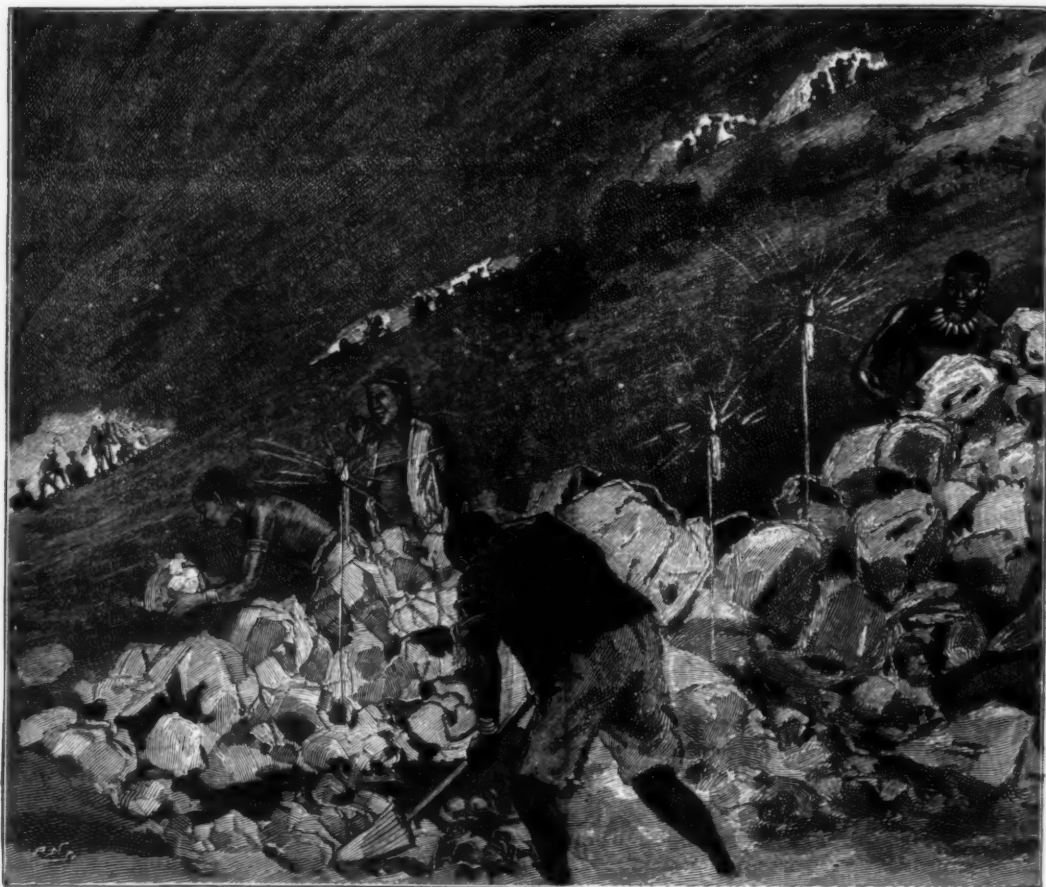
of the colony. When the industry was established it was necessary to provide means of communication between Kimberley and Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, and so the railways already constructed in the Cape Colony were pushed on towards this new centre, and eventually reached Kimberley itself in 1885. Another effect was to produce a spirit of enterprise which affected both South Africa and England. It was the discovery of diamonds that showed English people how valuable a possession the Cape was. Up to that time they had looked upon the Cape Colony as a sort of Cinderella among the British colonies; but this discovery made them believe in the possibility of fresh mineral discoveries in other parts of South Africa.

¹ The reader should refer for the position of Kimberley and other places mentioned to the map of South Africa given in the preceding article at p. 328 of the "Leisure Hour" for March.

Nor had they long to wait. After one or two lesser discoveries in the mountainous country on the eastern border of the Transvaal, a great gold-field was found on the Witwatersrandt,¹ part of a long stretch of uplands which runs for three hundred miles, east and west, between the sources of the Limpopo and the valley of the Vaal River. These gold deposits were not alluvial, but were contained in conglomerate beds or "banket"² reefs, lying side by side with sandstone and quartzite strata. As the outcrop makes a circular sweep on the slope, and the reefs dip downwards and inwards at

nearly £8,000,000 in value. If we add to this the output of the other fields, we find that the total value of the gold won in the Transvaal in 1895 was £8,725,000 : a sum which makes the Transvaal as important a contributor to the world's gold supply as North America or Australia.

The capital of the Randt and the centre of the gold industry in the Transvaal is Johannesburg. The town was laid out towards the end of 1886—that is, less than ten years ago—and it has already some 50,000 inhabitants ; while the population of the town and



THE NEW PRIMROSE MINE, JOHANNESBURG: EXTRACTING THE ORE.

varying angles towards a common centre, the gold-fields are called collectively the Randt Basin. The value of the total deposits of the Randt Basin is variously estimated by mining experts at from £325,000,000 to £450,000,000 ; and of this enormous amount £30,000,000 worth has been extracted up to the end of last year. The Randt was proclaimed a public gold-field in September 1886. In the following year the output of gold was 23,125 ounces, valued at about £125,000. Since that time the annual output has rapidly increased, until in last year (1895) it amounted to

¹ White-water-slope.

² Almond toffee.

suburbs together, according to a recent census, reaches a total of 120,000 Europeans, not counting the Indian coolies and Kafirs. Johannesburg, unlike Kimberley, was from the first built substantially and on a regular plan. The market-place, which is a quarter of a mile in length, is the largest in South Africa. There are churches and theatres and clubs, a stock exchange, a race-course, an athletic ground, and a zoological garden. When Lord Randolph Churchill visited South Africa he was much impressed by the appearance of Johannesburg, and his description is so vivid and picturesque that I produce it here :

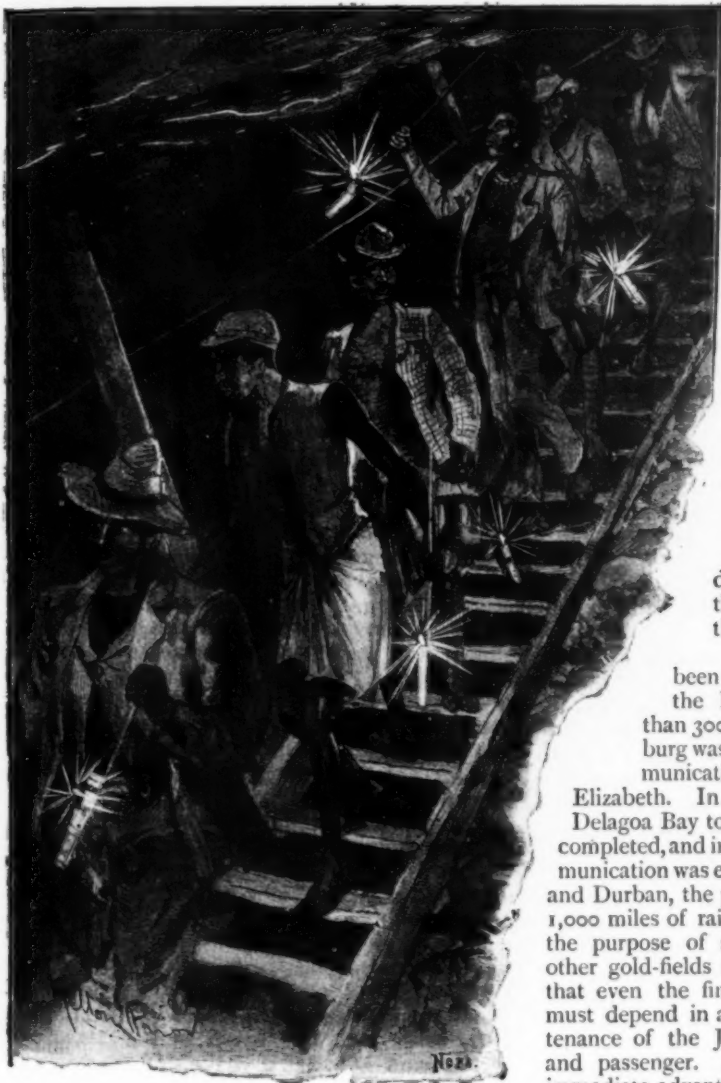
"Johannesburg extends for a considerable distance along a ridge of hills 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. Around, wherever the eye reposes it is arrested by mining shafts, hauling gear, engine houses, and tall chimneys. Johannesburg presents a very English appearance, that of an English manufacturing town minus its noise, smoke, and dirt. The streets are crowded with a busy, bustling, active, keen, intelligent-looking throng.

developed, and Johannesburg has increased in importance. It is not too much to say that to-day it ranks as one of the commercial centres of the world. The growth of this mining population, mainly English, has produced a very difficult political situation in the Transvaal. At present the Uitlanders, or foreign residents, are debarred from any share in the government of the country, and that although they form an actual majority of the European inhabitants, and are by far the largest taxpayers; indeed the financial prosperity of the Transvaal is entirely due to their enterprise. On the other hand, the Boers are threatened with political extinction as a separate people if they admit the Uitlanders to the rights of citizenship. The problem is, therefore, a very difficult one, and it can only be solved by a mutual spirit of concession. That it should be settled, and that speedily, is plainly a matter of the utmost importance, because, as we shall see, the present prosperity of South Africa as a whole depends to a very large extent upon the prosperity of the gold industry in the Transvaal. In order to realise this, we have only to consider one of the results which have followed the development of gold mining in the Transvaal—the extension of the South African railways.

In 1892, the railway which had been carried to the Transvaal through the Free State, a distance of more than 300 miles, was opened, and Johannesburg was brought into direct railway communication with Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. In 1894 the railway running from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria and Johannesburg was completed, and in October of last year through communication was established between Johannesburg and Durban, the port of Natal. Altogether, some 1,000 miles of railways have been constructed for the purpose of serving Johannesburg and the other gold-fields in the Transvaal. It is obvious that even the financial success of these railways must depend in a great measure upon the maintenance of the Johannesburg traffic, both goods and passenger. At the same time, all the less immediate advantages arising from the introduction of so much capital and so large a population into South Africa are at stake.

The establishment of gold mining on the Randt was the indirect cause of the foundation of the British South Africa Company, and the consequent extension of British rule into the heart of Africa.

As early as 1865 gold was discovered by the German explorer, Karl Mauch, at Tati, beyond the northern boundary of the Transvaal. Moreover, there was a district here



NATIVES ON THEIR WAY TO WORK.

Here are gathered together human beings from every quarter of the globe, the English possessing an immense predominance. The buildings and general architecture of the town attain an excellent standard. . . . The rise of the town has been almost magical."¹

Lord Randolph Churchill saw Johannesburg in 1891, and since that time the gold industry has

¹ "Men, Mines, and Animals in South Africa," p. 53.

inhabited by the Matabele and Mashonas, which was marked on the old Dutch maps "The land of Ophir," and which was identified with the kingdom of Monomotapa, from whose emperor the Portuguese obtained concessions on the east coast of Africa in the seventeenth century. This district was supposed to be the Ophir of King Solomon, and one of the chief sources of the gold supply of antiquity; and these suppositions have been verified, in part at least, by the explorations of Mr. Theodore Bent.¹ When the extraordinary value of the Transvaal gold deposits was established beyond dispute, attention was again directed to these northern regions, and in 1888 a concession was obtained from Lobengula, the Matabele king, conferring the right to work the minerals within his territory. This concession—the Rudd concession—led to the foundation of the Chartered Company. For in the same year an association, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes was the moving spirit, was formed to give effect to the Rudd concession, and this association was afterwards transformed into the British South Africa Company, and as such obtained a charter in 1889. The occupation of Mashonaland was effected by the famous pioneer expedition in the following year. It consisted of a force of 700 Europeans and 150 natives guided by Mr. F. C. Selous, the distinguished traveller and hunter. The pioneers left Macloutsie on June 28, and reached Fort Salisbury, a point 400 miles to the north, on September 12. In the course of their march through forest and marsh they constructed a road, the Selous road, and established forts at various points. It is satisfactory to know that the occupation of Mashonaland was accomplished with the concurrence of Lobengula, and without the outbreak of any hostilities with the natives.

Towards the end of 1893 repeated acts of aggression on the part of Lobengula towards the Mashonas, who were living under the protection of the Company, led to the Matabele war and the consequent downfall of Lobengula. By this war the Mashonas, who are an industrial race, were freed from the yoke of the Matabele Zulus, and the progress of civilisation in Mashonaland has since proceeded without interruption. Buluwayo, Lobengula's chief kraal, was occupied by the forces of the Company on November 2, 1893. It is now a town with a European population of 2,000 inhabitants, who support no less than three newspapers; and this town, it must be remembered, with its newspapers, its race-course, and its Chamber of Commerce, is no less than 1,374 miles distant from Cape Town. While Salisbury remains the administrative centre, Buluwayo has become the commercial capital of the Company's territory.

Development
of Rhodesia.

The development of Rhodesia is proceeding with marvellous rapidity. Besides these two places, there are towns at Victoria and Umtali, and all of these centres are connected with each other, and with the outside world, by roads and by postal

and telegraphic communication. The Cape railways have been carried northwards from Kimberley to Mafeking on the borders of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, a point which is within 500 miles of Buluwayo; and the extension of the line to this latter place is already in process of construction. Meanwhile the journey is covered by coach in seven and a half days, and the whole combined journey from Cape Town to Buluwayo by railroad and coach occupies nine and a half days. Another approach to Rhodesia is provided by the East Coast, or Beira railway. The line starts from Port Beira, at the mouth of the Pungwe River, and proceeds to Umtali and Salisbury. At present 118 miles, from Port Beira to Chimoio, have been constructed, and the remaining 222 miles have to be traversed by coach. The railway, however, already crosses the region infested by the Tsetse fly, the bite of which is fatal to horses, and it is intended to carry the line on to Salisbury without delay.

Although a great part of Rhodesia is suitable for agriculture, the colonists are at present chiefly occupied with gold mining. Up to the present the development of the Mashonaland and Matabele gold-fields has been retarded by the difficulty and cost of the carriage of mining machinery and other plant, and no great progress can be expected until the railways which give access to Rhodesia have been carried farther inland. As regards the climate of Rhodesia, we must remember that the central regions have a considerable elevation above sea level, and this elevation tempers the heat. Moreover, they are well wooded and well watered. In 1883, long before there was any thought of occupation, Mr. Selous wrote of Mashonaland that it was a country where "European children would grow up with rosy cheeks, and apples would not be flavourless."² And Mr. Rhodes has said himself of it, that it is "a place where white people are going to settle," adding that "he would as soon live there as in any part of South Africa."

Lastly, there is an important aspect of the development of Mashonaland which must not be overlooked by Englishmen. In view of the present difficulty in the Transvaal, it is obviously a matter of great concern to our interests in South Africa as a whole—and, we may add, I think, to the interests of South Africa itself—that a colony should be established there which will not be retarded in its progress by the nationality difficulty—that is to say, by the conflict between Dutch and English ideas. Rhodesia promises to be a country where English energy will have free scope, and if Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Lord Grey succeed in their present endeavour to establish Rhodesia upon a basis of secure prosperity, with due regard to all native rights, they will be performing a service of the highest utility to England, and one which will strengthen the hands of the English colonists who are living under less favourable conditions in the older regions of South Africa.

W. B. W.

¹ "The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland."

² "Travel and Adventure," p. 79 and note.



OCCASIONALITIES.

The Flying Squadron.

The twelve ships recently commissioned as the Special Service Squadron are worth £3,209,000. The *Revenge* was built by Palmers of Jarrow at a cost of £869,087; the other battleship, the *Royal Oak*, having been built by Lairds of Birkenhead at a cost of £892,058. Of the two first-class cruisers, the *Gibraltar* was built by Napiers on the Clyde for £361,166, and the *Theseus* was built on the Thames for £357,804. The *Hermione* was built in Sheerness Dockyard, and the *Charybdis* in Devonport Dockyard, and their cost is given as £214,470 each. To these six ships there are six torpedo-boat destroyers, as tenders. The *Starfish* is tender to the *Revenge*, the *Shark* to the *Royal Oak*, the *Hart* to the *Gibraltar*, the *Snapper* to the *Theseus*, the *Skate* to the *Charybdis*, the *Rocket* to the *Hermione*. Estimating these at £50,000 apiece, we have £300,000 to add to the value of the larger ships and make up our total.

Army Clothing.

One of the largest tailors' shops in the world is at Pimlico, where there are always in stock sufficient goods to clothe 85,000 men at the least. This is the Army Clothing Department, from which come the uniforms of the British rank and file. From it the regimental stores are supplied, from which the soldier, with the sergeant-master-tailor's aid, procures his suit. To clothe the army is not an easy matter, the number of patterns, to say nothing of the grades, being so great. The uniforms differ much in value. To clothe a militiaman costs £1 6s. 3d. a year; to clothe a British linesman costs £3 3s. 0d.; while some of the non-commissioned officers in the cavalry regiments have a tailor's bill of over £12 a year. Under ordinary circumstances the Department would seem to be an easy one to manage, but think of what a strain on its resources the equipment of an expedition to Ashanti or elsewhere would entail if the organisation were not on rather elastic lines. A campaign may not always mean a butcher's bill or a powder bill, but it always means a tailor's bill. It is really wonderful in how short a time the orders to Pimlico are completed in such times of emergency. Of course, the normal two-sevenths of the work given out to contractors is then exceeded, but the troops and the public know nothing of this, as Pimlico alone is recognised and is responsible for the work at all stages. Few people passing along Grosvenor Road are aware that behind the brick wall is an establishment spending a million and a half a year, and employing 2,000 people, of whom three-fourths are women.

Poultry by Machine.

There is something comical in the way in which machinery is coming into the poultry trade. To those who delight in rural life there is something even repulsive. That chickens are hatched in incubators and reared by steam mothers is known to most, but that a very large number of the fowls that are sent to market are fattened by machinery may come as a surprise. The system, originated on the Continent, has proved so profitable that English poultry-keepers have been unable to withstand its introduction, and with most of them it seems merely a question as to which particular patent to adopt. Hand-cramming, by which the food was rammed down the fowl's throat with the finger, had evident disadvantages; what is done now is to buy a half-crown funnel, well finished round the spout, thrust it down the bird's throat, and pour the food down it, spoonful after spoonful. The funnel, however, soon gives place to the more elaborate machine. This consists of a cylinder with a piston and crank, differently arranged in the various patterns. A tube leads from the cylinder down the fowl's throat and the feeder simply works a treadle with his foot as if he were driving a tinker's wheel, and pumps the food into the bird. At Mantes there is a poultry-farm where one machine does the whole work, by tubes being led off it branching into every cage, so that, as soon as each bird is hitched on, the signal is given, and a few strokes of the pump cram the lot in a few seconds, the injection being repeated every hour or two. The wonder of it all is that the birds are not choked. Perhaps some of them are; at any rate not much fuss would be made about it, as it would only be anticipating their fate. France sends into this country over a hundred thousand pounds' worth of poultry in a year, most of it machine fattened. Much of this reaches London by the South Coast and South-Western lines, but the quantities are not separated from the other "perishables," and are unknown. We hear that during last December the South-Eastern brought to town 135 tons of poultry, including that from abroad, that the Great Northern deliver in London about 2,000 tons of poultry annually, most of it home-bred, and that during 1895 the Great Eastern brought in 3,476 tons, some of it being, of course, from the Continent.

A Public Trustee.

The advisability of having a Public Trust office in this country has often been urged. The disadvantages of such a system are mostly matters of detail, the advantages are

obvious. A trusteeship is at best a thankless office, which even one's dearest friend may be pardoned for being unwilling to accept; were a Government Department to undertake the duties, much worry and anxiety would be avoided. The Public Trustee, in his official capacity, would be like the sovereign in never dying. He would never leave the country, and never become disqualified, or involved in private difficulties, or lose his reputation. By his appointment as trustee or executor much of the present expensive legal formalities would be done away with, and a man making a will would have no fear as to the executor renouncing administration. In New Zealand the system has been in operation for three-and-twenty years, and its success has been great. A few particulars as to the importance it has now attained may not be out of place. In 1890 the Public Trust Office was in charge of 1,678 estates of the total value of £1,240,000; in 1895 the estates numbered 2,086, and the value had reached £1,562,000. Of the 2,086 estates, 392 were wills and trusts, 850 were intestate estates, 113 were real estates, 335 were estates in lunacy, and the rest were connected with the native reserves; in fact, the three first may be looked upon as optional, the remainder as being more or less compulsory transfers to the office. Every year the wills and trusts increase in number. In 1890 they were 288, in 1891 they were 343, in 1892 they were 354, in 1893 they were 371, in 1895 they were 392; and the value, which in 1890 stood at £418,000, increased to £586,800 in 1895. During the same period the intestate estates increased from 752 to 850 in number, and from £75,300 to £80,287 in value. The commission on all this business is fixed so that the testator knows exactly what the administration of his estate will cost, and he has a state guarantee against loss from investments in bad or insufficient securities, against loss from delay in investments, and against any default in the regularity and punctuality of the payment of interest. And the relatives of the man who made no will have similar security as to faithful management and distribution of the property in which they are entitled to share.

A comparison between the railway statistics of the United States and those of the United Kingdom clearly shows the different conditions under which the traffic is carried on. The United States have about 180,000 miles of line open; the United Kingdom has 20,908. On 164,529 of the American mileage, being 92 per cent. of the whole, the passenger earnings were £58,693,000, as against £36,495,000 amongst us. The goods traffic yielded £136,604,000, as against our £43,379,000; and the sundries amounted to £5,243,000, as against our £4,436,000. The total American receipts were thus about two hundred millions, while ours, on only an eighth of the same distance, were eighty-four millions. The working expenses of our lines were £47,210,000, those of the American lines were £135,533,000—so that our 20,000 miles of line yielded £37,000,000 profit, while their 164,000 yielded only £65,000,000.

The Names of Railway Stations.

The Board of Trade has been taking action with regard to the way in which the names of our railway stations are becoming lost amid the crowd of advertisements. A letter was addressed to each of the companies asking for information as to the manner in which their station names were indicated. The blue book just issued, containing the replies, is not uninteresting reading. Most of the companies express blank astonishment at being asked such a question, and the majority are fully satisfied that their arrangements are as perfect as can be. The great offender seems to be the Metropolitan, who jauntily replied that instructions had been given to have all advertisements removed eighteen inches clear of the name boards, and that the passengers could have no difficulty in ascertaining the names of the stations, which were lettered on all the lamps and most of the seats. This, however, was not good enough for the Board of Trade, who called the attention of the Metropolitan to the far better arrangements on the District. To this, the company answered evasively that they would comply as far as possible, and were going to have additional name boards. The Board was not to be put off, and back came a request for a distinct statement as to whether the District system was to be introduced or not. Hereupon the company climbed down, and the new name boards are to be of blue enamelled iron, with no advertisements near them printed in larger than four-inch letters, and no advertisement less than two feet away from the station name.

It is curious to note how the blank area round the name board varies with the value of the advertising space. On the Great Western, for instance, the margin is but a foot, on the Chatham and Dover it is a yard, on the Furness line it is six feet, on the Dublin and Wexford it is ten feet, on the Cork and Macroom it is fifteen feet.

The size of the letters in which the station name is printed varies suggestively. On the Cavan and Roscommon they are four inches high and seven and a half inches high, on the Portpatrick and Wigtown they are eight inches high, on the Maryport and Carlisle they are nine inches high, on the larger lines they range from ten inches up to eighteen. Most of them are painted, but the North-Western fashion of cast-iron letters screwed on to wood is being adopted in several cases.

As a result of the inquiry, some of the lines are about to improve their arrangements. The Cambrian "found that at a few stations the name boards were not as prominent as they should have been, but instructions have now been given for the names of the stations in such cases to be shown in a prominent manner." The Great Western have recently adopted a standard pattern for station name boards with raised iron letters an inch thick placed on a plain white ground with a wide margin. The Great Northern have decided to use angular name boards projecting from the station walls, while the Midland have not only adopted the angular boards, but undertaken to place them wherever possible on posts on the platform.

Some of the minor lines display a little quiet

humour at the inquisitive circular. There are the Ryde Pier people for example. "The directors fully recognise the importance of clearly indicating the names of railway stations, and in conformity with your suggestions they have given instructions for the name Ryde Pier in large type to be placed both at the north and south ends of their pier and tramway." The Mellis and Eye people courteously remark that as there is only one station on their line, and that a terminus, the danger of being carried beyond it is not apparent. The Listowel secretary points out that his is "a small branch line with two terminal stations and only one intermediate station, so that it is practically impossible to make a mistake at the station where the train is. Besides, we have no high-coloured advertisements at our stations." Other Irish lines remark, with regret, that they have no advertisements to obscure the name of the station with; and one cannot help suspecting that they only wish they had—that is, if we may judge from the Timoleague and Courtmacsherry, whose manager reports delightfully, "There are no advertisements hiding the names of stations upon this line, and any person can see them without obstruction. The only thing we lack in the shape of advertisements is the need of more."

The Plague of Locusts.

That locusts are a very real plague most of us are aware, and many will remember how Cyprus dealt with the difficulty by means of elaborate arrangements of trenches and screens which used up half a million yards of canvas and thirteen thousand zinc traps. In that island in 1883 nearly 200,000,000,000 were killed at a cost of about two shillings a million, and by 1886 nearly all the locusts had been destroyed. In the Transvaal and Natal the plague is now almost as bad. Natal has a special department for this locust business which is devoting a large part of its attention to collecting the locust eggs, which extend over sixty miles in an almost unbroken belt ranging from a few yards to seven miles in width. The eggs are laid in holes drilled in the ground by the strong ovipositors of the females, and it is a fair day's work to collect four pounds weight of them. The natives who do the collecting are paid at the rate of sixpence a pound, and 800 lb. weight are frequently delivered in a day. In some places as many as five tons of eggs have been received in a season; and as there are some 40,000 eggs in a pound, the number of locusts caught early is enormous, although at present the effect on the multitude seems to have been slight. It was not easy at first to get the natives to undertake the work. They regard the locusts with awe as sent by Mjaja, the great female witch doctor of the north; but their superstitious fears are fast giving way to reasoning—and sixpence per pound.

A Bank-Note Story.

To the long list of bank-note stories we may as well add this one, for the truth of which we can vouch. A traveller stayed for a night at one of the largest London hotels. In the afternoon, after he had gone away, a telegram was received from him stating that he had left a £5 note on the mantelpiece. On inquiries being made, no note was found, but the chambermaid remembered finding a dirty piece of paper on the floor and tearing it up and carrying it away with the rest of the rubbish from the rooms along the corridor. The pail of rubbish was traced to the hotel dusthole into which were shot the accumulations from the whole of the building. The manager gave orders for the dusthole to be cleared out and examined, and half-a-dozen people were set to work with sieves to discover some trace of the missing fragments. When nearly half the mass had been gone through one little corner of the note was found. Then another piece, sodden and dirty, was discovered, and finally, after about an hour's sifting, all the pieces were found but one, of about a square inch in size. The pieces were washed and dried, and stuck together on an elaborate network of postage-stamp strips. The bank paid the note; the traveller did not even say "Thank you," but merely complained of the inconvenience to which he had been put by the chambermaid's stupidity.

The Monkey and the Matches.

In the Philadelphia Zoological Garden there is a brown Sapajou monkey which has become expert in striking matches. He distinguishes the end which has the fulminate, and never makes a mistake in doing so. He catches hold of the match at the proper distance from the end and so avoids breakage. He uses for friction the rough side of a kettle, which is used for water, and spends no time on the glazed surface. "As soon as the match is lit," says Professor E. D. Cope, "he throws it away, and I have not seen him burn himself. No man could handle the match more appropriately. He does not, however, always select a proper surface, as he tried on one occasion to strike a match on my finger, without success." These brown Sapajous, *Cebus apella*, have long been known as intelligent and affectionate in captivity. They come from Guiana in its broadest sense—having probably never heard of the Schomburgk line! One of them was in the King's menagerie at Paris soon after the middle of the last century, and was described by the French naturalist Brisson; another was in the same collection in 1820, when he was described by Cuvier. The Sapajou is reddish-brown in colour, with yellowish shoulders, purplish face, and black whiskers and crown.

MODERN HYGIENE IN PRACTICE.

BY DR. ALFRED SCHOFIELD.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS:—AIR.

THE second element we have to speak of is the air or the atmosphere. As with fire, the term "element" is a misnomer for what is really a somewhat complex mixture.

The atmosphere is the best term London Atmosphere. to use for the air in London, as it more correctly describes the mixture at the bottom of which we move about than the shorter word. "Atmosphere" means a "sphere or globe of smoke," and the dingy curtain that hangs over London is rather dilute smoke than air. We have spoken of being at the bottom of this mixture, for it must be remembered the air is an ocean that surrounds the globe to a fairly uniform depth of some forty miles, and it is at the bottom of this ocean, where the mixture is densest and most impure, that we exist. Meteors have, however, been observed to take fire at something like two hundred miles away from this earth, so that it is probable that oxygen, at any rate, is found extending to that distance.

Like the lower forms of life at the bottom of the Atlantic, we are prisoners at the bottom of our air ocean, and can never hope to rise to the top, for even a few miles up the air becomes too thin to support life. Even healthy people require a good thick mixture to live in comfortably, while asthmatics often thrive best in an atmosphere like pea-soup.

The colour of the four "elements" is interesting. The *air* seen in bulk is blue, the *earth* is green, the *water* blue and green; *fire*, of course, being, in strong contrast to these, vivid red or yellow.

The waves of light constituting blue or green are probably the most restful of any to the eye, situated as they are about the middle of the spectrum, and being, therefore, of average length and rapidity. We are conscious of this, and find positive relief in resting our eyes on green or bluish-green, after a study in scarlet.

Air a Mixture. We have alluded to air being a mixture, and the fact is important. All know that it is not a compound—that is, the union of two or more elements to form a new substance in the same way that the union of two gases produces the liquid water. The gases that form the air do not unite, but simply mix. The proofs of this are numerous: it is, however, enough to say that one of the gases is used by us constantly without the other, which could not be the case if air was a chemical combination. Indeed, it could not be used for respiration were the gases combined, for fish do not use in respiration the oxygen which, in combination with hydrogen, forms water, but are dependent on that extra

amount of oxygen which may be mixed with the water from the air. Another fact in proof of this is that no amount of water drunk can supply the blood with oxygen, although water is so largely composed of it. Of the mysterious force that thus "combines" elements, we know nothing, nor of the fixed, yet apparently capricious, reasons that oblige one volume of oxygen to combine always with two of hydrogen in forming water.

This mixture, then, that we call air may be said roughly to be one-fifth oxygen and four-fifths nitrogen. In addition, as is now well known, certain differences between the nitrogen obtained from the air and that produced by other means have led to the discovery of a third gas, allied to nitrogen, to which the name "argon" has been given, meaning without work, it being of such an inert nature.

In addition also to these two or three main constituents there is also always a small trace of carbonic acid gas, about four parts in 10,000.

Ozone. These facts are, of course, familiar, but it is not, perhaps, generally known

that the oxygen may be of different qualities. At least three varieties may be distinguished. The best for respiratory purposes is a variety known as ozone, which owes its extraordinary vitalising powers, on which so much of the virtues of our sea coasts depend, to the fact that its molecule, or its smallest constituent part, is formed of three atoms, and not, as in ordinary oxygen, of two. The third atom, moreover, is united so loosely to the other two that it is very easily retained in the body, and unites with great facility with the hæmoglobin in red corpuscles of the blood.

This ozone is never found in towns, and seldom in the outskirts, never where the wind blows from the town, and only occasionally a trace when it is from the country. It is found in the country to a variable extent, but largely everywhere on the sea coasts, and most especially where large tracts of sea-weed are left exposed at low water.

The next variety is the ordinary pure oxygen, which is good enough for all practical purposes.

The third variety is an important one, though not very distinctly recognised by science, and consists of oxygen that has been frequently respired.

We all know that three-fourths at least of the oxygen we draw in at each breath is expired unused. There can be no doubt that after a time such oxygen is no longer pure. It is found that if an electric spark is passed through the air of a room that has been long occupied this breathed oxygen can be at once fastened by changing part of it into ozone, which is always produced by the passage of the electric current through air.

The nitrogen, of which four-fifths of the air is composed, is itself an inert gas, neither burning nor supporting combustion, and is of little use to us *in the air* in its free state, save as a diluent of the other more fiery gas.

Although our very life depends upon our absorbing at least 300 grains of nitrogen per diem, and though we breathe pounds of it in our lungs, we are absolutely unable to make any use of it in its raw state. We must take it in the form of the complex compound "albumen," which is the basis of meat and many grain foods. And so a man may die of nitrogen starvation, surrounded by an infinite amount of it, because he has no money to purchase it in its compound form.

We are not in a position to say anything yet as to the uses of "argon," but we may recall a fact or two relating to the trace of carbonic acid gas, of which we spoke.

What oxygen is to the animal kingdom this small amount of carbonic acid is to the vegetable world.

The oxygen that plants thus set free by their vital processes make them invaluable in a sick room by day, and especially in the sunlight.

Besides gases, air contains liquids and solids. The liquids principally consist of water in the form of vapour.

Water vapour exists in varying quantities in all air but of the Sahara and other deserts. The most pleasant air to breathe is that which contains about three-quarters of the moisture it can hold. Water vapour does not make air heavier, but lighter; clouds, as a rule, do not lie on the ground.

Breathing, of course, moistens the air rapidly.

Varieties of Dust. The solid impurities in air are both organic and inorganic, in the form of dust.

Amongst the organic dust we find bacteria of all sorts to the number of 3,000 per cubic yard in town and 300 in the country. It is well to know that these germs, as a rule, are not so dangerous or so active as when in water or food. We also get particles of skin, hair, wood, flax, wool, cotton, silk, starch, seeds, and street refuse.

Amongst inorganic particles we note sand, chalk, lime, clay, rust, metal, and mineral dusts of all sorts, and last, but not least, carbon.

Dusts may be divided into those that are nutritious, those that are inert, and those that are injurious.

Starch and flour dust is food, and so also is said to be in some degree the dust of softer woods.

Coal dust is a notable example of an inert dust. We are sure the general idea is that it is very injurious. This is not so.

Among dusty trades, coal miners, for instance, suffer least from respiratory disease. They reach only about three-quarters of the average male deaths, fishermen being one-half. The reason of this is that coal dust has no sharp corners, and does not cut or tear the tissues. On the contrary, it lies in the lungs until they are actually full of coal dust from end to end, and, instead of being a bright pink, like the lungs of a countryman, the lungs of a Londoner are black, and yet he is none the

worse for it. I think, considering our smoky atmosphere, we may be devoutly thankful that it causes a greater waste of soap than of lives.

All metal and most mineral dusts are injurious.

Tin dust is very bad, respiratory disease being six times as prevalent among tin miners as among coal miners.

Then we get iron and steel dust, and clay dust, as breathed by potters.

Dust is washed out of the air periodically by the rain, which effectually cleanses it for the time being. This is the reason why air after a shower is so deliciously pure to breathe.

Poisoned Air. The purity of the air is, however, not merely a matter of taste; it is, as we

know, of the most vital importance, and yet most difficult to secure; for, in the first place, we must always breathe the actual air that happens to surround us, not being able, as with our other food, to select the purest and best from different countries for our use; and, secondly, we who use it are ever poisoning it, so that it is always foulest where most needed to be pure.

The principal sources of impurity are respiration, combustion, stagnation, trades, towns, marshes, and the sick.

The oxygen in the air is, curiously, little altered in amount by these causes, but remains steadily at a little less than twenty-one parts in every hundred. It is, however, as we have seen, devitalised by being frequently respired.

The real test of the impurity of the air is always the amount of carbonic acid gas, and this because, inasmuch as within doors the principal source of impurity is respiration, the carbonic acid is taken as an index of the amount of other and more deleterious products given off with the breath. Pure carbonic acid, as given off by a lamp, is not nearly so injurious as that given off by the breath.

Indeed, the old Scotch lady had some reason in her argument as to the respective merits of the bagpipes and the harmonium.

She had presented a rather poor specimen of the latter to the little village kirk, but the minister viewed the gift with anything but gratitude. He called upon the lady and explained to her that the very presence of the "Kist of whistles" was a profanation, and that he would as soon have half a dozen bagpipes playing in the kirk, for one was every bit as bad as the other.

"You are wrong, sir," said the old dame, rebuking him. "Do ye not ken that the pipes are blawed with the wind frae yer ain body, while the harmonium is blawed with the pure wind of heaven." This argument was unanswerable.

The evils of the "air from our ain bodies" are very patent in the Highlands themselves, so the old lady's argument should have had great local weight. It is common to find rooms without fireplaces and windows that will not open. In the Hebrides, though the climate is moist, there is little consumption, for the crofters' cabins of the rougher sort generally allow the most liberal access to the "pure wind of heaven." It is in the better estates, where modern dwellings are found—houses with plastered walls and ceilings and well-fitting doors

and windows—that consumption, especially among the women, becomes a scourge. The difference between the air of a Highland bedroom with a fixed window and no fireplace, to which the only access is through the living room, as compared with the purity of the air outside, is one of the strongest commentaries that could be offered on the ingenious perversity of man, and particularly when in a state of civilisation. Nearly all our problems of sanitation and ventilation are problems given us by advancing civilisation.

But there is another curious thing, and that is how soon we get used to poisons. Claude Bernard found that if he put a fresh sparrow from the open air into a glass globe in which a sparrow had been living and breathing five hours, although the latter, having got gradually accustomed to the vitiated atmosphere, could go on living, the former died at once.

And so the unfortunate clergyman or lecturer has found who has had to preside or speak at some "school tea" or anniversary (preceded by tea) held in the basement of some church or chapel where the ceiling is low and the company warm and numerous. These, indeed, have been enjoying themselves for hours while gradually working the atmosphere up into a high pitch of impurity. The chairman or speaker, however, entering straight from the open air, is at once seized with a splitting headache, and, if he does not die himself, he is hardly surprised to hear that a single drop of the moisture that condenses on the walls of the room is such a virulent poison that, if injected into the veins of a rabbit, it causes instant death.

Coming to figures, it is interesting to know that an audience of two thousand people, listening for two hours to a concert, are not only cultivating and indulging their musical taste, but are engaged in the somewhat prosaic occupation of producing no less than one hundredweight of coal and seventeen gallons of water from the impurities and moisture of their own breath; and that if they were all performing themselves, instead of listening, this quantity would be nearly doubled.

It is far more wholesome to drink the undilute water of the Thames at Blackwall than to breathe the air of a crowded and unventilated room, and how cleanly people can be content to do so is only explicable on the principle that what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over. We are all resigned to our agreement—to consume a peck of dirt during our lives, though never content to eat off a dirty plate.

Cleansing Winds. We have said something of how the air out of doors is cleansed from dust by rain.

To this purifying agent we may add the wind, which, travelling at several miles per hour, rapidly carries off the exhausted town air to the suburbs and country, while the country breezes blow in their place; so that, theoretically at least, you are as likely to get pure air in a wide thoroughfare in town as in a suburb.

Stagnation is prevented by forbidding the building of courts, blind alleys, and streets less than thirty-six feet wide.

Towns are greatly benefited by good lungs; and such bodies as the Public Gardens and Open Spaces Association deserve the highest praise.

The air out of doors is, however, everywhere more or less healthy: the real danger begins indoors. The evil of towns is not primarily town air, as distinguished from country air, as is so generally supposed, but rather the greater amount of indoor life in towns as compared with the country.

The proof is that those who lead constant outdoor lives in London are strong and ruddy, while those in the country who are always confined in houses become pale and delicate.

Indoor Life. Now we all live in houses, and even if we pass our days out of doors we have to pass our nights within. This subject is therefore one of painful interest to us all. We will, however, content ourselves with briefly emphasising a few of the more important details that modern science has suggested in connection with ventilation.

In the first place, a fixed standard has been arrived at for the purity of indoor as distinguished from outdoor air.

The oxygen and nitrogen (and we suppose argon) must be in the same proportions within as without, but in deference to the great difficulties of eliminating carbonic acid in houses, air indoors is called pure that does not contain more than '6 parts per 1,000, whereas out of doors it is not considered pure if it has more than '4.

Perfect ventilation consists, therefore, in changing the air so as never to let the impurity in a room rise above this without causing any draught. Now, it is found in the second place that air in this climate cannot be changed in a room oftener than three times in an hour without causing a draught.

The third point is that a man produces, by breathing quietly, '6 of a cubic foot of carbonic acid per hour.

The rest is easy. For it is plain to the meanest comprehension that if the air out of doors already contains '4 per 1,000 of carbonic acid gas, and fresh air in rooms is only allowed to contain '2 per 1,000 more to bring it up to '6, it will require 3,000 feet to dilute the carbonic acid ('6 of a cubic foot being produced by a man in one hour). We have seen that air can be successfully changed three times an hour. The man, therefore, does not require 3,000 cubic feet to live in, but only 1,000, provided this 1,000 be changed three times an hour, which is quite easy.

A room 10 ft. × 10 ft. × 10 ft. high is therefore the largest amount of space required for one person in health indoors. Unfortunately, very few get so much.

The Problem of Ventilation. The real problem in ventilation is not the size of the room, but how often the air of a room can be changed without draught.

The next point, therefore, is what size of opening is required into the air in order to admit 3,000 feet per hour, which is the amount of air required for the person. We dread being technical, but if our readers will pardon one or two more single figures,

and consider them carefully, they will have mastered the two great principles on which all ventilation depends.

It is found, although out of doors air may readily travel seventeen or twenty feet a second, it cannot travel above five on entering a room without making a draught. Now, five feet a second is 18,000 feet an hour, and we only count one-sixth part, or 3,000. The opening required, therefore, is clearly one-sixth of a square foot, or, in other words, twenty-four square inches.

The principle can be applied as follows: Suppose the room in which our reader is perusing this instructive article is 10 ft. \times 10 ft. \times 10 ft. high, and there is a narrow window in it two feet wide and a fireplace. The room will be sufficiently ventilated if he opens the window one inch for every person in the room, the foul air finding a ready exit up the chimney. Now, is not this delightfully simple, and do you not see how a few figures give more simplicity to a subject than clouds of words? So far this is theory, but the practical person asks—"Is there any way in which I can find out whether the air does contain the right amount of carbonic acid and no more?"

Certainly there is; and if what we have said is simple, this is positively infantile.

To test the air of a room you bring into it a half-pint bottle full of water. You empty this water out in the room, when the bottle immediately fills with the air of the room. You then put into the bottle one tablespoonful (half an ounce) of pure lime water, cork, and shake it. If it does not turn milky in a few minutes the air does not contain more than '6 parts in 1,000 of carbonic acid; if it does, it does, and the ventilation is insufficient.

In the day, therefore, the problem is easily solved. The difficulty is in the evenings and nights and in winter. Observe what is done. The window is closed, the curtains drawn, the two gases lighted. Now two gas burners produce as much carbonic acid in an hour as ten men; though, being pure, it is not so injurious; nevertheless, the room requires more ventilation, and, instead, there is less, or none at all.

It has been calculated that, in a fair-sized room, hermetically sealed, a man might exist for one hour. If he had a candle this would be reduced to three-quarters of an hour; if a lamp, to half an hour; while, if he had two good gas burners, and wanted to be really cheerful, he would live just five minutes.

All this shows that ventilation should always be increased when lights are burning in a room, and not decreased. At night, in bedrooms, the fresh air is a necessity of life. It is folly to rail at "night air" as if it were a mysterious poison. As a matter of fact, there is no air at night but night air, and it happens to be always far purer than day air—at any rate, in towns. It should be freely admitted without draught.

It is, however, amongst the poor that the difficulties surrounding ventilation become accentuated, and that, too, for a reason we have but as yet touched upon.

Pure air from the country at any rate is cold, whereas foul air is warm. This fact constitutes the difficulty of introducing fresh air among the

poor. Insufficiently fed, half clad, and with no fires, they have discovered the fact that if enough of them get together in one room, and shut all the doors and windows, and just breathe, they can raise the temperature of the room to any point they like. Therefore, until warm fresh air is as familiar in this country as it is elsewhere it is difficult to enforce ventilation. It is extraordinary, with all the erection of blocks of dwellings the size of a small village, that no provision is made for laying on a supply of warm fresh air to each room from a central furnace. The cost would be nominal; the gain in health incalculable.

Over and over again workshops have been fitted with Tobin's tubes and other contrivances for introducing fresh air, only to find them all closed or stuffed up with rags by the workpeople, who would rather run the risk of a little poisoning than be frozen with the cold.

To sum up: the one thing needed by the educated perusers of this very dry article is to carry out the laws herein laid down; while for the poor the one thing needed is a supply in all flats and blocks of dwellings of warmed fresh air. There can be no doubt (and this is a parting shot) that, though impure air may be a slow poison, it is a sure one. It lowers the whole tone of the system, and lays the unsuspected foundation for numerous and fatal diseases.

MICE AND SNAILS.

WE hear constantly of the attractions of distant lands, but we do not realise what annoyances may also accompany those attractions. Recently we heard of one in South Australia that must to some people have been very hard to bear. Somehow the mice in one district so multiplied that they went in droves, eating up everything before them. They attacked the corn, heaped after the fashion of that country in sacks under loosely laid sheets of corrugated iron; they swarmed into houses, and one man who wrote to the papers complained that, while numbers were running about the floor, they even clambered up his table and kept running over his hand as he was writing. The smell was unbearable, and they only seemed to move onward when nothing more could be found to eat.

Snails in another district became a fearful nuisance. The common garden snail was long unknown there until some were wanted with which to feed the imported sparrows. A barrel was opened, and while the sparrows had some, the rest escaped and multiplied. In a climate where there is no keen frost to destroy pests, they multiply with such rapidity that man cannot overtake and exterminate them. In many gardens in Adelaide as yet a snail is unknown, while in others they swarm under every shrub, flower, and stone. When rain comes they surprise and greatly annoy people by their numbers.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

EARTH BURIAL AND MICROBES.

IT is frequently stated that burial is an act fraught with danger to the living, and especially is this thought to be the case when the bodies are those of persons who have died of infectious diseases, a common belief being that disease microbes may be carried from graves downwards into wells, and thus affect living persons. There are, however, no grounds for this view, as observations have proved conclusively that soil is an excellent filter for microbes, and that water which has passed through a stratum full of disease germs is quite free from taint if it afterwards passes through a few feet of garden soil. Dr. Lösener has lately conducted a number of experiments, the results of which go to support the view that earth burial is quite safe. He has buried carcasses infected with the microbes of various diseases, and has determined how long these germs lived under such circumstances. The microbes of typhoid fever lived ninety days, while those of cholera survived only twenty-eight days. Similar results were obtained with other disease germs, and in every case the earth close beneath the bottom of the hole containing the infected carcass was found to be free from microbes. The gist of the whole matter is, therefore, that disease germs do not survive ordinary interment for very long periods, and that they are not carried to our water wells and springs if the burial is properly conducted.

THE VANISHING BUFFALO.

When the Yellowstone National Park was organised for the perpetual use of the people of America, it was believed that a permanent place of refuge for the buffalo had been secured, and that out of the natural increase of the hundreds then remaining, representative herds would be preserved for future generations. It seems now that the conditions in the Yellowstone region are such that the extermination of the Government herd of buffalos may be anticipated. Adequate means do not seem to be provided for the protection of the herd, and it is found difficult to keep persons from poaching, now that a buffalo skin or head will sell for several hundreds of dollars. The result is that, while two years ago there were about two hundred buffalos in the Yellowstone Park, at present there are less than one-quarter that number.

It would be a pity if the great herds of buffalos, so often referred to in the early history of America, should be allowed to vanish from the face of the earth and become but a memory. The only

means to prevent this would be to transfer the great part of the now few remaining animals to a Zoological park where they can be securely and safely kept.



A BUFFALO IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

A NEW ILLUMINANT.

Acetylene gas has been known for some time to burn with a bright flame, but a convenient means of preparing the gas has not long been discovered. By heating calcium and carbon together in an electric furnace, M. Moissan, the distinguished French chemist, obtained a new substance—calcium carbide—which, when placed in water, results in the evolution of acetylene. The flame of the gas thus produced is remarkably white, brilliant, and without the dark centre characteristic of the ordinary gaslight. A more convenient and efficient illuminant could hardly be desired. The fact that calcium carbide can now be obtained commercially has led M. Trouvé to construct a lamp in which the gas-producing property of the substance is used for the purposes of domestic lighting. The reservoir of the lamp is made of glass and contains water. Inside it is a bottle open at the bottom, and inside the bottle is a wire-gauze cylinder containing calcium carbide. A tube leading from the top of the bottle has a gas burner at its upper end, and is provided with a stopcock. When a light is required, all that is necessary to do is to turn the stopcock and set fire to the escaping gas. The cost of the light is, at present, about double that of ordinary gas, but as the price at which

calcium carbide may be manufactured is reduced, the new illuminant will, undoubtedly, come more into use. Works have been erected at Niagara, where the power of the Falls is used to drive electric dynamos, to produce calcium carbide

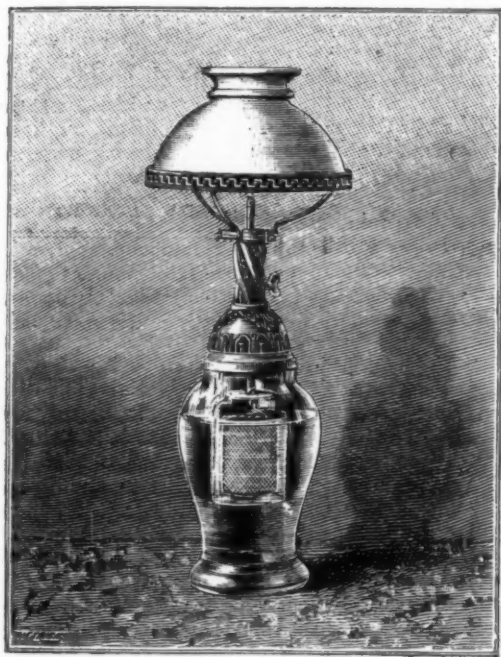
which can be used will bring the moon, optically, to within just about sixty miles from the observer's eye, and every lunar object five or six hundred feet square will be distinctly visible.

SOUND AND DISTANCE.

When it is considered that a sound is transmitted through the air by means of waves, it seems remarkable that the waves should be able to travel over very long distances without losing their properties. The tremendous explosion of the volcano of Krakatoa in 1883 was heard at Rodriguez, 3,000 miles distant, and the concussion caused by it was sufficient to break windows at Batavia 100 miles away. The firing of guns, too, has been heard over very considerable distances. The firing at Waterloo was heard at Dover, and Mr. W. G. Brown has recently put on record the fact that, during the Civil War in America in 1861-65, the sound of the cannonading at the battle of Malvern Hill was heard at Lexington, 123 miles away; in fact, so distinct were the reports, that it was easy to distinguish between light and heavy artillery. During the Battle of Manassas—or, as it is also called, Bull Run—the cannonading was heard at Lexington, though a slightly greater distance intervened.

A NEW FLYING-MACHINE.

Herr Otto Lilienthal has for some time been practising flying, or rather soaring, in the neighbourhood of Berlin, and he has at last succeeded in producing wings which enable him to perform the feat very creditably. He first employed a sailing apparatus very like the outspread pinions of a soaring bird, but experience has shown him that a double set of wings, arranged in the manner shown in the accompanying illustration, gives the most satisfactory results. The frame of the apparatus is held by the hands, the arms resting between cushions and supporting the body, while the legs remain free. Herr Lilienthal does not go

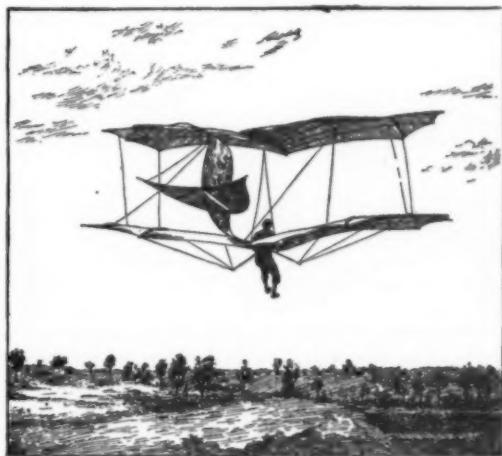


M. TROUVÉ'S ACETYLENE LAMP.

electrically at about £2 a ton; and as one ton of the carbide yields 11,000 feet of the gas, the cost of manufacture per 1,000 feet will only be about 3s. 4d., which is practically the same as that at which ordinary gas is supplied.

THE BIGGEST TELESCOPE.

Sixty years ago the two most powerful telescopes in the world were at Munich and Dorpat, the lens of the instrument at the former place being eleven inches in diameter, while that at the latter was nine inches. It is not too much to say that dozens of telescopes as large as these now exist, and many far larger. The thirty-six-inch lens of the great telescope at the Lick Observatory, California, has maintained unapproachable supremacy since 1887, but it has now been displaced by one forty inches in diameter. The noble instrument which holds this lens has been constructed at the expense of Mr. Yerkes, who has founded and magnificently equipped an observatory bearing his name at Chicago. Though the telescope was shown at the Chicago Exhibition, and to the casual observer it even then seemed complete, it has only recently been finished. At last, however, it is in working order, and is only waiting for the completion of the observatory to shelter it. As to the capabilities of Mr. Yerkes' gigantic addition to astronomical artillery, Professor C. A. Young, the distinguished American astronomer, says, that the highest power



to the top of a high building and jump off, in the way that many who thought to fly have done. Equipped with his pinions, he takes a short run against the wind, along the top of a hill, and the

start thus obtained enables him to rise in the air and soar for a distance of about two hundred yards. He regards these sailing flights as excellent sport, in which danger can be easily avoided if the practice is conducted in a reasonable manner. Just as practice is required in order to be able to preserve equilibrium on a bicycle, so a few attempts are necessary, and possibly a few falls, before the aerial gymnast can become skilled in the art of soaring. But there is little doubt that if the sport were to be taken up by a few people anxious for exercise and excitement, improved machines for indulging in it would soon be produced. Mr. Percy Pilcher is, we believe, the only one who has, as yet, soared with success in the British Isles, and his experiments at Cardross, Dumbartonshire, with a machine similar to Lilienthal's, have been very satisfactory.

INSECTS AS AN AID IN SURGERY.

One of the most curious uses to which insects are put was related at a recent meeting of the Linnean Society of London. It was stated that the Greek barber-surgeons of the Levant employed a large species of ant for the purpose of holding together the edges of an incised wound. The ant, held with a pair of forceps, opens its mandibles wide, and is brought near to the cut being treated, so that it can seize the two edges, which are held together for the purpose. As soon as the unfortunate ant has obtained a firm grip of the cut, its head is severed from its body. Mr. Issigonis, of Smyrna, who described the operation to the Linnean Society, said that he had seen natives with six or seven ants' heads holding together wounds in the course of healing. A similar observation was made some years ago in Brazil, which fact is interesting

from an ethnological point of view, as showing the independent existence of the same custom in countries so far apart as Brazil and Asia Minor.

DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS.

Deeper soundings in the ocean than any hitherto known have recently been found by Commander Balfour, of H.M. surveying ship *Penguin*, and communicated by Admiral Wharton to "Nature." In 1874 the U.S. marine surveyors on the *Tuscarora* obtained a sounding of 4,655 fathoms, or about five miles, near Japan, but the *Penguin* surveyors have measured a depth of 5,155 fathoms, or nearly half a mile deeper than the *Tuscarora* sounding, about five hundred miles north-east of New Zealand—to be exact, in lat. $23^{\circ} 40'$ S. and long. $175^{\circ} 10'$ W. Two other soundings of 5,022 fathoms (30,132 feet) and 5,147 fathoms (30,882 feet) were obtained in the same region.

INSECT PESTS.

Observations of the occurrence of injurious insects during 1895 have enabled Miss Eleanor O. Ormerod to determine whether such pests are affected by long-continued cold weather, such as prevailed in January and February of that year. It appears from the inquiry that in no case was there evidence to show that the extreme cold lessened the presence of common insect pests. Though there was not any widespread devastating attack of any one kind of insect all over the country last year, there were serious injurious outbreaks of various kinds of insects which pass the winter thoroughly exposed to weather action. An intensely cold winter cannot, therefore, be regarded as a protection from insect attacks in the following summer.

ODDS AND ENDS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A READER.

I DO not remember to have seen it suggested that the lines in the National Anthem referring to the enemies of the sovereign—

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,"

must originally have had a special rather than a merely general application. "God save the King" was written by one Henry Carey in honour of the fifty-seventh birthday of George II, and was first heard at a birthday dinner given by the Mercers' Company in 1740, being afterwards published in the "Harmonia Anglicana" (1742) and reprinted in the "Gentleman's Magazine" during the memorable 1745. The reason of its reappearance at this date in a loyal magazine is obvious enough, but even in 1740 the political atmosphere was charged with rumours of Jacobite plots, and there can be no doubt whatever that the Mercers and

their guests would recognise in the lines quoted and in the succeeding line,

"On Thee our hearts we fix,"

an utterance of Hanoverian and Anti-Jacobite piety. The reference is not merely to enemies of the State, but to personal enemies of the king, and the forms of expression are hardly those which would have been used of a foreign foe.

Curiously enough, the only other really popular patriotic song was also written for a royal birthday, that of the Princess Augusta, the anniversary being celebrated at Cliffden—as the name was then spelt—by the performance of "Alfred," a mask produced for the occasion by James Thomson and David Mallet, which contained among various now

forgotten lyrics the famous "Rule Britannia." The authorship of the song has always been attributed to Thomson, but the collaborators, like most of their tribe, did not take the public into their confidence, and it is just possible that Mallet may have been the real author, though the songs from "Alfred" are reproduced in the Aldine edition of Thomson's works. The poem as written consisted of six stanzas, though not more than three are now generally sung. The fifth, which is one of those which have dropped into forgetfulness, expresses with a felicitous ingenuity of inclusiveness the claim of Great Britain to universal dominion:

"To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine."

This, to use the phrase of contemporary slang, is certainly "a large order." Even patriotic poets are generally content to let other nations retain something.

It is specially cruel to rob a man whose total wealth is small for the purpose of enriching some one who is already opulent, and such robbery is constantly committed by those writers who name Pope or Swift, or perhaps Butler, as the author of the much-quoted exclamation of surprise at the difference "twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee." Even of those who rightly give the credit to John Byrom, the eighteenth-century Lancashire poet and stenographer, there are a good many who would be unable to repeat the epigram of which this is the closing line or to tell the story of its composition. It was in, or soon after, 1733, when the musical *connoisseurs* of Manchester, and of England at large, were engaged in fierce debate upon the merits of two musicians who had appealed to their suffrages, that Byrom wrote:

"Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

The difference seems pretty plain now, but Byrom was not a musician. He was more of a politician, being one of the sturdiest of Lancashire Jacobites, and much wittier as well as much better known than his fling at the rival composers is his epigrammatic and enigmatic benediction:

"God bless the King—I mean the faith's defender!
God bless (no harm in blessing!) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is King—
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing."

There is hardly anything in literature or art that is as new as it seems to be. When Mr. Henry Irving delighted or disgusted critical playgoers by his conception of Shakespeare's Macbeth as a bad man from the beginning—a man whose instincts

welcomed rather than repelled the suggestion of the witches and the temptation of his wife, he was supposed to have committed himself to a startling innovation in the reading of the character. The fact is that so far back as the year 1850 Mr. Coventry Patmore published in that remarkable little magazine, the "Germ," a critical analysis of the character of Macbeth, written with the sole intent of discrediting the popular tradition of a weak man yielding to external temptation, and of proving that "a design of illegitimately obtaining the crown of Scotland had been conceived by Macbeth, and . . . been communicated by him to his wife prior to his first meeting with the witches," whose prophetic words have been generally supposed to drop the spark which Lady Macbeth fanned into a flame. After the Lyceum revival Sir E. R. Russell, of the "Liverpool Daily Post," published a vindictory essay, "The True Macbeth," rich in strong reasoning, felicitous illustration, and pointed epigram, but Mr. Patmore was the first to break the new ground, and his study left little of substantial interpretative value to be added by those coming after him.

Many poets have their pet words or rhymes. Pope was specially fond of finding rhymes to "sense" and "wit"—there are more than a dozen of the latter in the "Essay on Criticism"—and in Mr. Swinburne's volumes of verse "fire" and "desire" are coupled many hundreds of times. "Lush" is a word that may almost be considered Keats's patent; Mrs. Browning was much attached to "supreme"; and the epithet "stately" was always a favourite with Lord Tennyson. In his early days the word "solemn" appears to have had a special fascination for Rossetti, but this was a love to which he was faithless, and when he revised his *juvenilia* the solemnities were almost invariably improved away. The third line of the twelfth stanza of "The Blessed Damozel," which now reads:

"Have I not prayed in Heaven; on earth,"

originally ran:

"Have I not prayed in solemn Heaven?"

and in the same line of the twenty-first stanza "the clear-ranged unnumbered heads" was substituted for "the unnumber'd solemn heads" of the earlier version. Again, the last line of the famous sonnet, "For a Venetian pastoral, by Giorgione," appeared in the "Germ" as

"Silence of heart and solemn poetry";

but when the volume of 1870 appeared, the solemn had gone, and in this instance had taken the whole line with it. The word was thus used three times, and not once with any special appropriateness, in two somewhat short poems of Rossetti's boyhood; and it is not a little curious that in the poetry of his maturity, which was frequently characterised by impressive solemnity, he never, or hardly ever, employed it. I have aided my memory by a reperusal of some of the most likely poems, and have not found it once.

The editors do not seem at all able to make up their minds concerning the punctuation of the opening passage of Milton's famous lines on Shakespeare, and their dubitation involves a further uncertainty as to the construction of the lines. Dr. Bradshaw, in his scholarly edition of Milton, gives the passage as follows :

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?"

On the other hand, Professor Ward in his "English Poets" gives a comma after "bones," and a note of interrogation instead of the comma after "stones," but neither scheme of pointing is really satisfactory. As a matter of fact there are only two possible readings of the lines. Milton may

have meant to propound in the first line a question to which lines two, three, and four are a hypothetical answer, in which case a note of interrogation should follow "bones." Or, of course, he may have intended, as Dr. Bradshaw seems to think, that the four lines are to be regarded as one question, but in this case the opening word cannot possibly form part of the question, which clearly begins with the word "needs." According to this reading, which is certainly the more effective of the two, "what" should appear as a detached exclamation, thus :

"What! needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age," etc.

It does not much matter *which* reading is chosen, but the acceptance of *either* demands a new pointing.

Varieties.

Alcoholism in France.—Dr. Lannelongue, Professor at the Academy of Science and a member of the House of Deputies, has been giving lectures and making strong appeals about the lax laws in France concerning the manufacture and sale of alcohol. Up to the middle of the century the alcohol was comparatively pure and natural, and produced evil effects only when taken in excess. When the vine disease arrested the supply of tolerable drink, chemists furnished a substitute, made from molasses, beet-root, potatoes, and less worthy substances. It is not the quantity of drink, but the vile nature of the liquors now in common use, which fills the prisons and the hospitals, increases crime, and affects the public health as well as checks the population of France, while crowding the penal settlements. In 1830 the number of suicides from alcoholism were 5 in every 100,000 persons. In 1881 the suicides had risen to 21 per 100,000, while innumerable crimes were caused by the change in the liquor sold to the people without restraint. Of homicides the statistics give 46 per cent., grievous wounding 74 per cent., and 77 per cent. of outrages against public decency due to drink. Dr. Lannelongue appeals to the Government to take under its own control the manufacture and sale of these hurtful and ruinous liquors.

Sir Robert Schomburgk's Rediscovery of the Victoria Regia.—The name of Sir Robert Schomburgk has been brought into prominent notice in connection with the disputed Venezuelan boundary question. How he came to be mixed up with public and political affairs is not generally known. He was a zealous and accomplished naturalist, sent out in 1837 by the Royal Geographical Society, aided by the British Government, to investigate the botanical and other natural-history productions of British Guiana. In these researches he had the good fortune to rediscover the Victoria Regia, which had previously been made known by early travellers in South America, and notably by M. Bonpland, the companion and fellow-labourer of Baron Humboldt, but which had not before been introduced to English cultivation. In a letter to Dr. Lindley he thus wrote: "In going up the river Berbice we arrived at a part where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin. Some object on the southern extremity of the basin attracted my attention, and I was unable to form an idea of what it could be; but animating my crew to increase the rate of their paddling we

soon came opposite the object which had raised my curiosity, and behold, a vegetable wonder! All calamities were forgotten; I was a botanist, and I felt myself rewarded!" He then describes the wonderful gigantic water-lily known now as the Victoria Regia. It was not till 1849 that the plant was brought to this country, when some seeds were sent to Kew Gardens from Demerara. Before the close of that year fifty plants had been grown at Kew and distributed. Now there is hardly a garden of any note throughout the world that cannot boast of its Victoria House. From the gardens of the Royal Botanical Society, London, seeds have been sent to Australia, the South Sea Islands, and to the Victoria Nyanza Lake in Africa. In its native condition the plant is perennial, but in this country it is always treated as an annual, and grown each year from seeds. The plants grown in the Victoria House at the Royal Botanical Garden in 1895 were admitted to be the finest ever seen. An account was given in the "Leisure Hour" of the magnificent leaves, above eight feet in diameter, and bearing the weight of the Director and Secretary sitting on a chair in the middle of the largest leaf. Mr. Sowerby has written a most interesting history of the plant, from its first discovery till the present time, in the last quarterly record of the Royal Botanic Garden, from which we have taken the account of the Venezuelan rediscovery by Sir R. Schomburgk.

Newspapers in the British Museum.—The collection of newspapers at the British Museum, the enormous increase of which has of late given the Trustees some concern, had its beginnings in a peculiar way. From the days when the modern newspaper came into existence until the middle years of this century, three taxes were paid in respect of newspapers. Paper paid a duty at the mill or the warehouse; every sheet used in the printing of a newspaper had also to be impressed with an inland revenue stamp, and another duty of half a crown was paid in respect of each advertisement. The collection of these duties made much work for the Inland Revenue Department, and to aid the collectors in London in checking the amounts due, printers were required by law to send copies of their papers to Somerset House. When the Inland Revenue Department had finished with the newspapers, they were turned over to the British Museum, and thus was formed the nucleus of the present vast collection, which includes files of nearly every newspaper

which has been printed in the United Kingdom in this century. The taxes on paper and advertisements were all abolished in 1869, and in that year, when the last of them was gone, and Parliament was freeing journalism from some of the fetters fastened on it in the reactionary period of the French Revolution, it also repealed the law requiring the copies of newspapers to be sent to Somerset House. It was then thought that if the valuable collection of newspapers at the British Museum was to be continued, an Act of Parliament would be required to secure the continuance of the newspapers. But after notice of an Act of this kind had been given in the House of Commons, it was remembered that the Museum already had claims upon newspaper proprietors under the Copyright Act. These claims were then enforced, and since 1869 or 1870, newspaper proprietors have been compelled to send copies of their journals to the British Museum instead of to Somerset House. All papers are sent free of expense to the Museum. There are now more than thirty thousand volumes of newspaper files. They are all catalogued, and are easy of access to students.

Home-Finding of Dogs.—In that amusing volume, by Charles G. Harper, on "The Dover Road," the old story is told of a traveller who lost his dog at Dover, and had to travel to London without him. When he reached home in London he found the dog anxiously awaiting him on his own doorstep. The faithful companion had run home all the way from Dover, and he was not a very speedy dog either. Mr. Harper says that "this story is probably a myth," meaning that the instinct of the dog is used as a side hint to the Directors of the slow-going railway. But the story of Sir Henry Irving's dog, "Fussie," lost at Southampton, finding its way back to London and re-appearing at the Lyceum Theatre, is no myth, but absolutely true, as we are assured by Irving himself in a letter from America, in reply to an inquiry as to the truth of the story. "He is with me now," writes Sir Henry, "and would send his love."

Centenary of the Institute of France.—There were some features of special note at this anniversary. In recent years there has not always been witnessed, in some of the academies, the lofty impartiality of the older times. Several elections have been made of illustrious men, rather of political and even party notoriety than with special fitness recognised throughout the world. This partiality has been less noticeable since the establishment of the Republic. Among the foreign members of the Institute, Professor Max Müller, Lord Kelvin, and Professor Frankland, in eloquent and appropriate speeches, conveyed the good wishes of the learned and scientific bodies in England. In the afternoon of the chief meeting at the Institute, the academicians and visitors attended a special performance at the Théâtre Français, when parts of Corneille's "Cid" and Molière's "Femmes Savantes" were acted. As we are accustomed to hear complaints of the evil influence of contemporary French plays and novels on English and American writers and actors, it was a happy thought to present to the Institute and its associates classical pieces of Corneille and Molière. It was altogether a successful centenary of the Institute, as remodelled after the French Revolution, with Fontenelle as its permanent secretary.

A Veteran Stage-Coach Driver.—We lately noticed the death of Alfred Waller, supposed to be the last of the old stage-coach drivers. He died at the age of 72. The announcement has brought out the case of a still older veteran of the road, Joseph Grant Hamilton, who passed away this spring at the age of 83. He drove, for many years, the coach between Bath and Wells, and in 1888, when the extension of the railway to Shepton Mallet and Wells did away with coaching for passengers, he retired, and is believed to have been the last of the old whips of the road.

Vessel Damaged by a Whale.—A strange incident lately occurred in Australian waters. The brigantine *Handa Isler* arrived at Sydney Harbour from New Zealand, presenting the appearance of having been struck by a heavy sea, as she was much damaged amidships. The vessel had made a fair voyage from Mercury Bay, New Zealand, with a cargo of timber, up to within ten days of Sydney. Two large whales

were sighted, each being about 60 feet in length. At first they appeared to be heading across the ship's bows, but they suddenly slewed round and came broadside on to the ship at a tremendous speed. The first whale struck the ship amidships and, although the vessel is 260 tons register and was laden with nearly a million feet of timber, the concussion was so great that the vessel shook from stem to stern. The second whale, fortunately, did not ram the ship, but dived just before reaching the *Handa Isler*, and passed under the keel. The brigantine was badly damaged by the collision, and the whale must have been terribly injured, as the sea around was speedily dyed with its blood, and the animal did not rise after striking the vessel. The well of the ship was at once sounded, and it was discovered that the water was making at the rate of a foot an hour, which, in a vessel so deeply laden, was a very serious matter, Sydney being 220 miles distant. Examination showed that there was a large dent in the side where the whale's head had butted in the planking and framework. As the water gained on the pumps the deck cargo was jettisoned, but continuous pumping enabled the crew to finally get the vessel clear. On the next day, the weather being very favourable, a pad composed of green hides, in which pillows had been sewn, was fastened over the dent in the timbers. The inrush of water was then checked, and the vessel was also enabled to weather the severe gales which followed, and to reach Sydney Harbour in safety.

Steam Excavators.—The steam excavator is rapidly doing for the navy what the rotary printing-press two generations ago did for the hand-press men. The navy will soon find little work awaiting him. On new railways and canals he has already been largely dispensed with, and his place taken by steam excavators of American and French invention. Up to a few months ago, however, the navy still held his own in sewer and other trench making. He is now to be crowded out even of this work by a new adaptation of the steam shovel. The new machine, which had its origin in Toledo, Ohio, in its general plan is not unlike the steam excavators which were in use in large numbers on the Manchester Ship Canal. It is, however, a larger and more powerful machine, and travels backwards or away from the trench as it digs. Ten men are required to work it. In ordinary ground it digs a trench ten feet wide at the top, seven feet wide at the bottom, and twelve feet deep, at a rate of from twenty-five to thirty feet an hour. Each time the dipper is filled it moves one and three-quarter yards of earth. This can be thrown to the right or to the left of the trench, and to a height of ten feet from the ground on which the machine stands. In America, the Italians and Hungarians have for several years had a monopoly of trench digging. With these shovels in general use, the work for immigrants of these nationalities will be greatly reduced.

Astronomical Notes for April.—On the 1st day of this month the Sun rises at Greenwich at 5h. 36m. in the morning and sets at 6h. 31m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 5h. 5m. and sets at 6h. 55m. The Moon will enter her Last Quarter at 24 minutes past midnight on the 4th; become New at 23 minutes past 4 on the morning of the 13th, enter her First Quarter at 13 minutes before 11 on the night of the 20th; and become Full at 13 minutes before 2 on the afternoon of the 27th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 9 o'clock on that of the 26th. No eclipses or any other special phenomena are due this month. The planet Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 18th. Venus rises not long before the Sun; she passes during the month in an easterly direction through the constellation Pisces, and will be near the Moon (then within two days of being New) on the morning of the 11th. Mars is in Capricornus, moving into Aquarius; he rises a little earlier each morning, and continues to increase in apparent brightness as his distance from us diminishes. Jupiter is still in Cancer, and is a brilliant object in the first part of the night, due south soon after sunset; he will be in conjunction with the Moon (then entering her First Quarter or half-full) on the evening of the 20th. Saturn is in Libra, rising at the beginning of the month about 9 o'clock in the evening and at the end of it about 7.—W. T. LYNN.

When the Lamps are Lit.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I. SEARCH PASSAGES.

BIRDS.

(Give source and author of each passage, and name each bird. Two prizes, value One Guinea and Half a Guinea.)

1. "He sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine, careless rapture."
2. "His eyes have all the seeming of a demon's, that is
dreaming."
3. "Where they most breed and haunt I have observed
The air is delicate."
4. "Off at once as in a wanton freak;
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings."
5. "With lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin."
6. "Darkly painted on the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along."
7. "With arch'd neck,
Between his white wings mantling proudly, rows
His state with oary feet."
8. "High poised in air
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest."
9. "To the tally of my soul
Loud and strong kept up the grey-brown bird,
With pure, deliberate notes, spreading, filling the
night."
10. "That on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still."
11. "May his beak retain
Ever its delicate rose-stain,
As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
Had marked their thief, to know again."
12. "Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!"

II. SELECTIONS.

Will our readers select and send us six short, unhackneyed passages about Hope? The total number of words quoted not to exceed one hundred and twenty. Name author and source. Two prizes, value One Guinea and Half a Guinea, for best selections.

III. SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

(Six Guineas worth of prizes for series. See notice in March Number.)

SECOND OF FOUR.

1. "Dogs bark at *me* as *I* halt by them."
2. "*I* know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows."
3. "Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be,
give it *me*, for *I* am slow of study."
4. "*I* hate *him* for *he* is a Christian."
5. "Touch *me* with noble anger,
And let not woman's weapons, waterdrops,
Stain *my* man's cheeks."
6. "By the faith of man,
I know my price."
7. "*I* dare not fight; but *I* will wink, and hold out
mine iron."
8. "*I* hope to see London once, ere *I* die."

(The initials of above names give the following speaker's name.)

"*I* had rather have a fool to make *me* merry than experience to make *me* sad; and to travel for it, too!"

(Find all the names, and give act and scene of each quotation.)

RULES.—1. Write in ink, clearly, on one side of paper. Begin with name and number of competition, end with your name and address.

2. All answers must be received by the 20th, must be addressed to Editor of "*Leisure Hour*," must contain blue coupon, and may contain replies to all three competitions.

3. Answers will appear in due course, when winners may choose prizes in books to values named.

ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY.

I. SEARCH PASSAGES.

Beauty.—1. "The Rhodora," Emerson. 2. "Westminster Bridge," Wordsworth. 3. Sonnet 104, Shakespeare. 4. "Ode to Nightingale," Keats. 5. "Wishes for supposed Mistress," Crashaw. 6. "Pindaric Ode," Ben Jonson.
Music.—1. "Ode on the Passions," Collins. 2. "St. Cecilia's Day," Dryden. 3. "The Lotos Eaters," Tennyson. 4. "Church Music," G. Herbert. 5. "Abt Vogler," Browning. 6. "Hymn on Nativity," Milton.

II. SELECTIONS.

Tennyson's song, "Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O Sea," is considered the best example of Shelley's saying. The six weather proverbs may be given subsequently.

III. PUZZLES.

1. Anagram on the heading of this page. The best sent in was "Her tale wins the palm." 2. *Bout rimé*. Several good verses were sent in, which we have no space to quote. 3. "Diagram." The solution of the puzzle as to how to arrange the circle of 13 Turks and 13 Christians, will be found by copying the following order of noughts and crosses in a circle, instead of a straight line. Go round in the order of the line, throwing out every ninth, and thus gradually diminish the circle until only the crosses are left.

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For prize winners' names look among advertisement pages.

